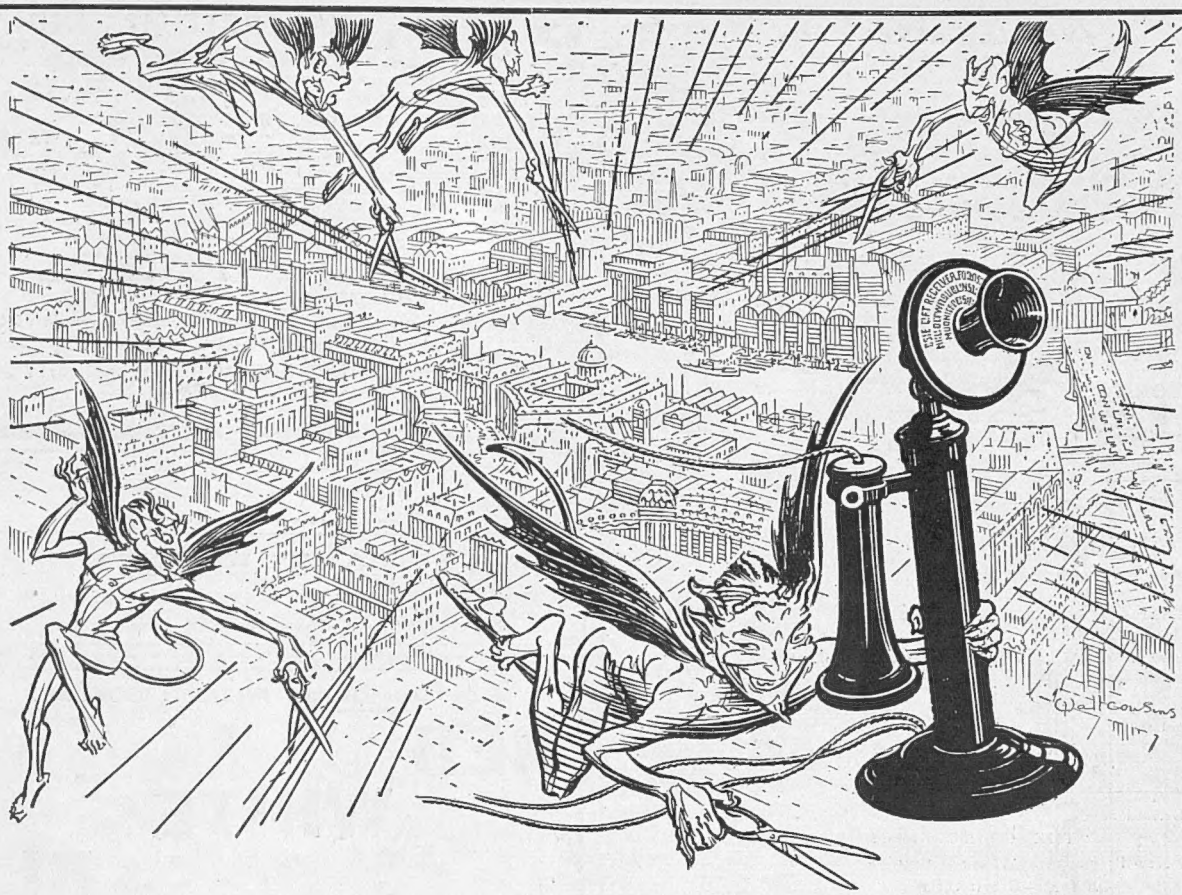

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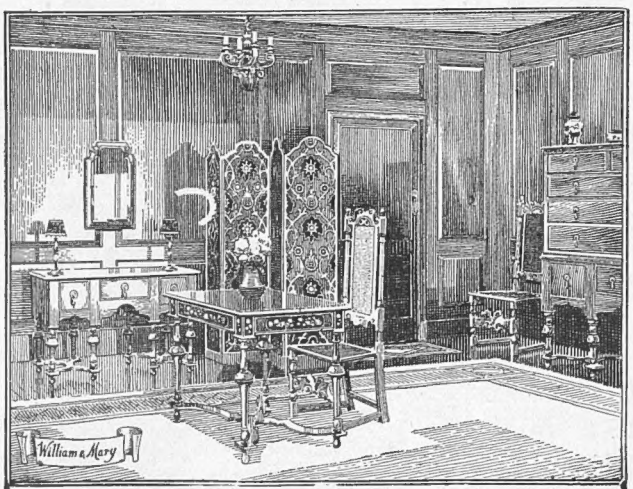

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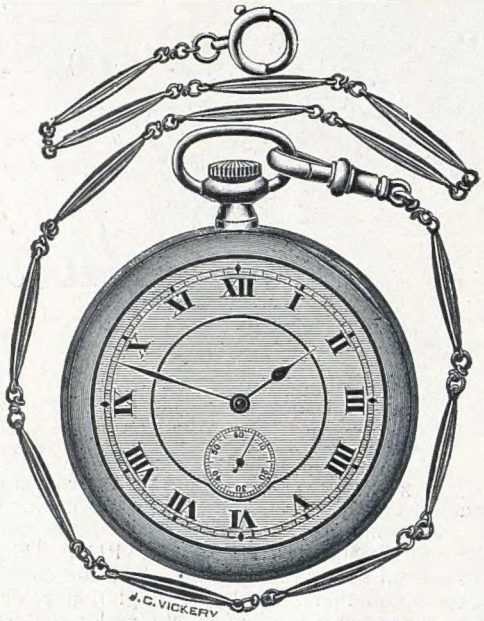

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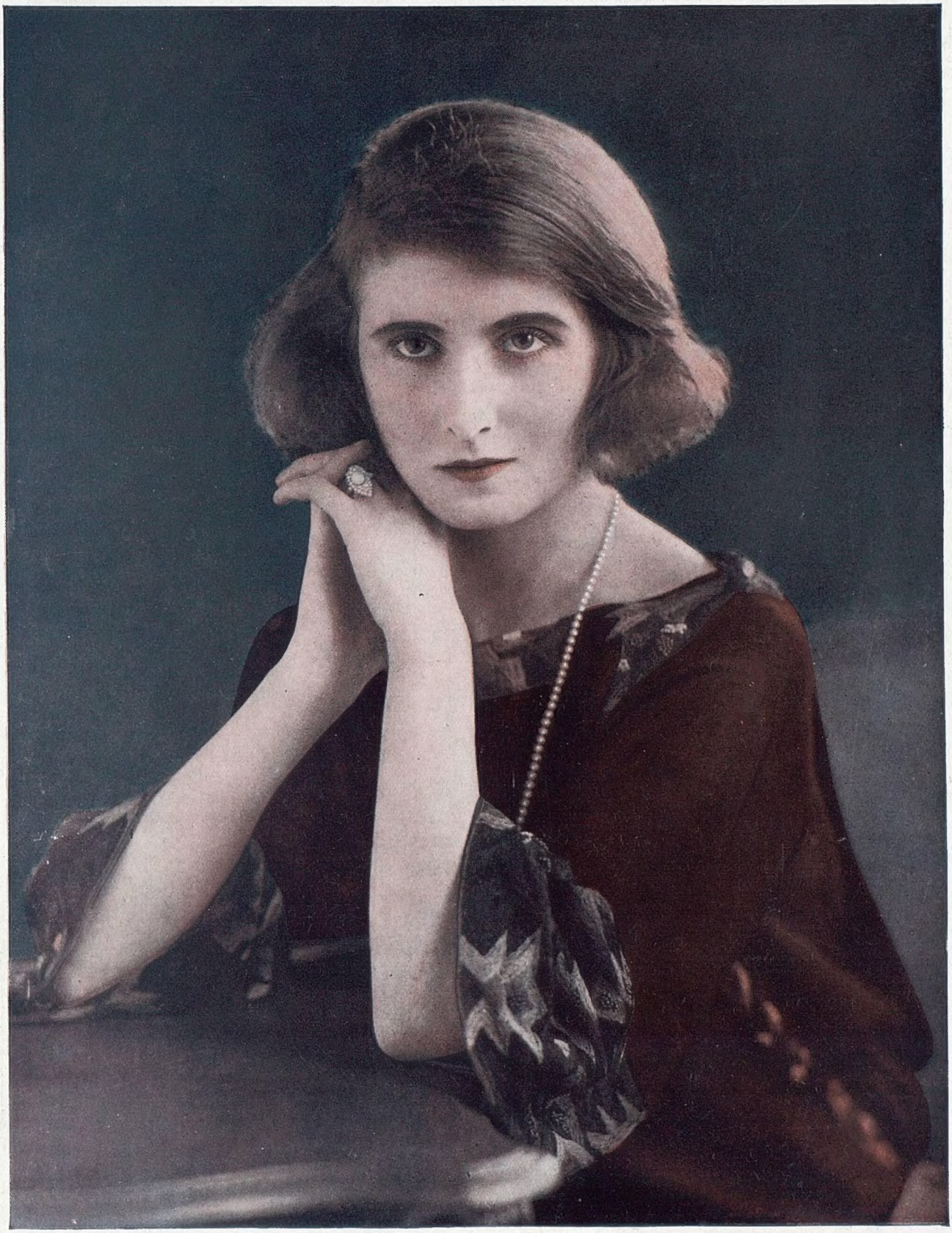
The Bystander, January 28, 1925 No. 1104. Vol. LXXXV

The BYSTANDER



Claude Harris

LADY JUNE CHARLTON

A charming studio portrait of the popular wife of Mr. J. S. Charlton. Lady June Charlton is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick

implore him to be mute and inglorious no longer. We can do with such books as these two country parsons wrote for us in the past.

As Safe as the Tube

"'Tis an ill wind——," and the minor mishap on a London Tube has served a useful purpose in drawing attention to the extraordinary safety of this means of transit. Two accidents in thirty-five years is not a bad record, and one that might have easily passed unnoticed—so easily do we accustom ourselves to existing conditions. The greatest tribute to the safety of the Tubes is to be found in the fact that if a train is held up between stations for a few seconds, an air of anxiety is at once apparent; merely because passengers have become accustomed to reaching their destinations without the slightest semblance of a hitch.

A Glutton for Statistics

How does a cricket crowd manage to keep track of the multitude of milestones that mark a player's progress in the game? You will be dozing in the sun at Lord's, when a spontaneous round of applause will jerk you back to the stern realities of life. You look for a broken wicket or a triumphant gentleman in the slips, but the only occasion for the outburst seems to be a single scored by one of the batsmen. You make enquiries, and find that not only has the said batsman completed his thousand runs for the season, but that a thousand spectators are instantly aware of the fact. The cricket enthusiast is a glutton for statistics, and, down under at Adelaide and Melbourne, they are no exception to the rule.

Who Did It?

Of the late Harry Furniss, a contemporary has said that "the public knew him best by his famous picture, 'Two years ago I used your soap.'" I wonder if that is true? Certainly, the picture was famous enough, but I should imagine that not one person in ten thousand could have given the name of the artist in a general knowledge examination. There is a growing tendency on the part of newspapers to exploit the personalities of their contributors, a movement for which the genius of the late Lord Northcliffe was largely responsible, but that development is still in its infancy. How many people, for instance, could have given the name of the artist who created "His Master's Voice"? Not one in a million!

A Matter of Uniform

Everybody knows "Nippy," the lovely lady of Lyons, in her smart new uniform. I should imagine that the publication of her picture has brought thousands of recruits to the staff of the great catering firm, for what girl could resist the temptation to don a dress with buttons down the front of the bodice, and so become a "Nippy" herself. There are various walks of life that call for special recruiting methods, and I fancy that this question of a smart uniform would cover them all. Suppose, for instance, that the soldier in his scarlet coat had an admiration for the housemaid's uniform rivalling that of hers for his—if you follow me! And I hear there is a shortage of curates. Couldn't we provide a little extra inducement in the shape of scarlet piping down the trousers, and let the waistcoat button in front for a change?

THAT BAND OF HOPE

By Blam

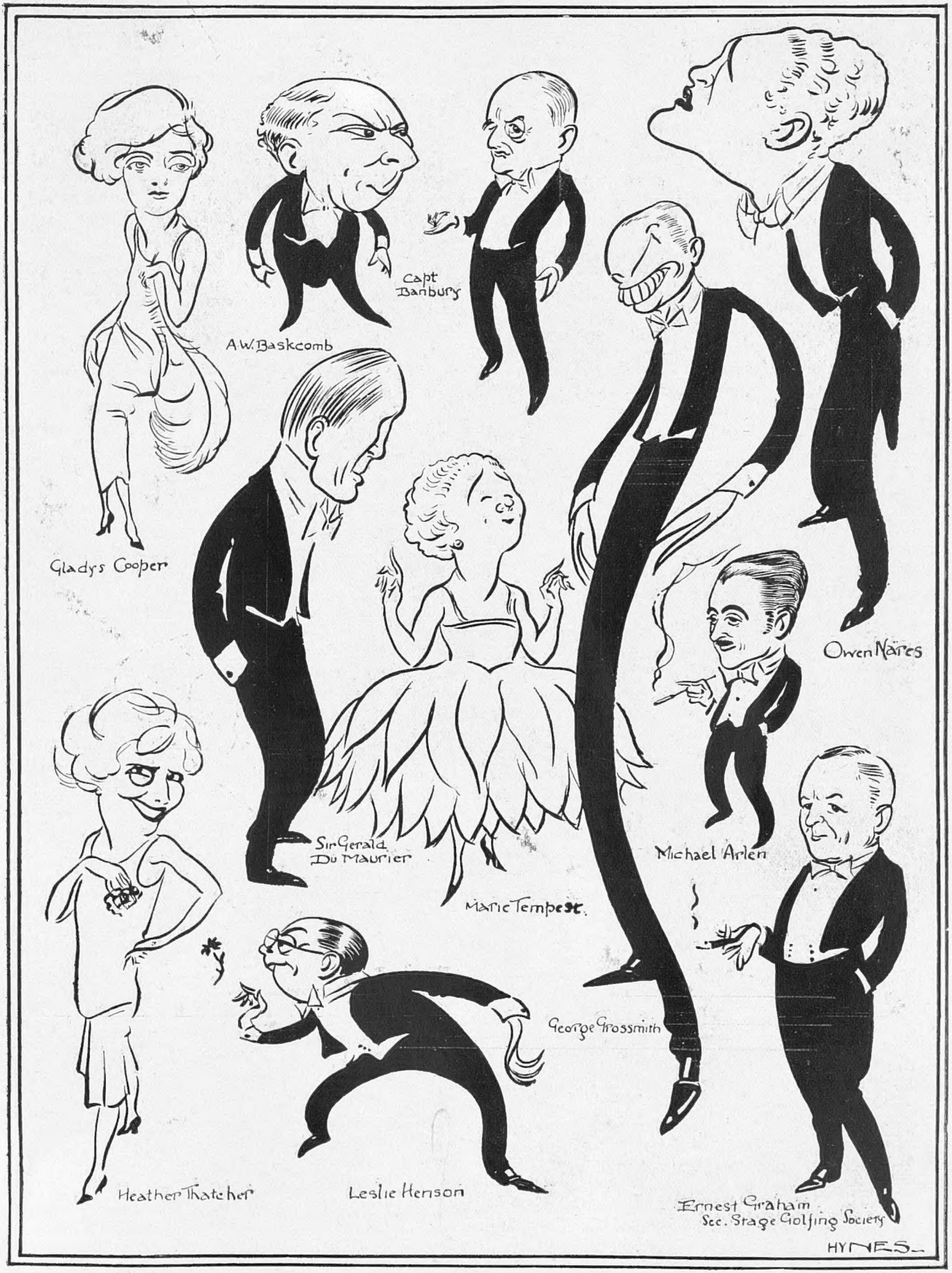
Featuring Winston's winning way with his Anglo-Saxo(n)phone

All About Father

Most of us have asked at one time or another to be saved from our friends, but the more modern version is likely to be "save us from our families." Since Mrs. Asquith penned the famous book that presumably prompted Miss Gertrude Jennings to write *Me and My Diary*, to be performed at the Garrick, Mrs. Arnold Bennett and other wives have caused flutterings in the domestic dovecotes. And now the literary activities of the mothers have been visited on the children, the son of Mr. H. G. Wells having told an American correspondent all about "father."

The Single Club

Somewhere in the hard and practical North—at Sheffield, I believe—they are making war on the jolly fellow who goes round the golf course with a single club. Possibly they are right, but there are exceptions to every rule, and I would ask the stern, strong men from the North to consider the exception that I now propound. You have played two rounds on a hot summer's day. Your clubs have been cleaned, and your juvenile caddies have gone home to bed. There is another hour's daylight, and though you don't feel equal to carrying a bag of clubs you *do* feel like another nine holes with a pipe, a pal and—a single club. Mind you, I don't defend it, but it is an amiable weakness.

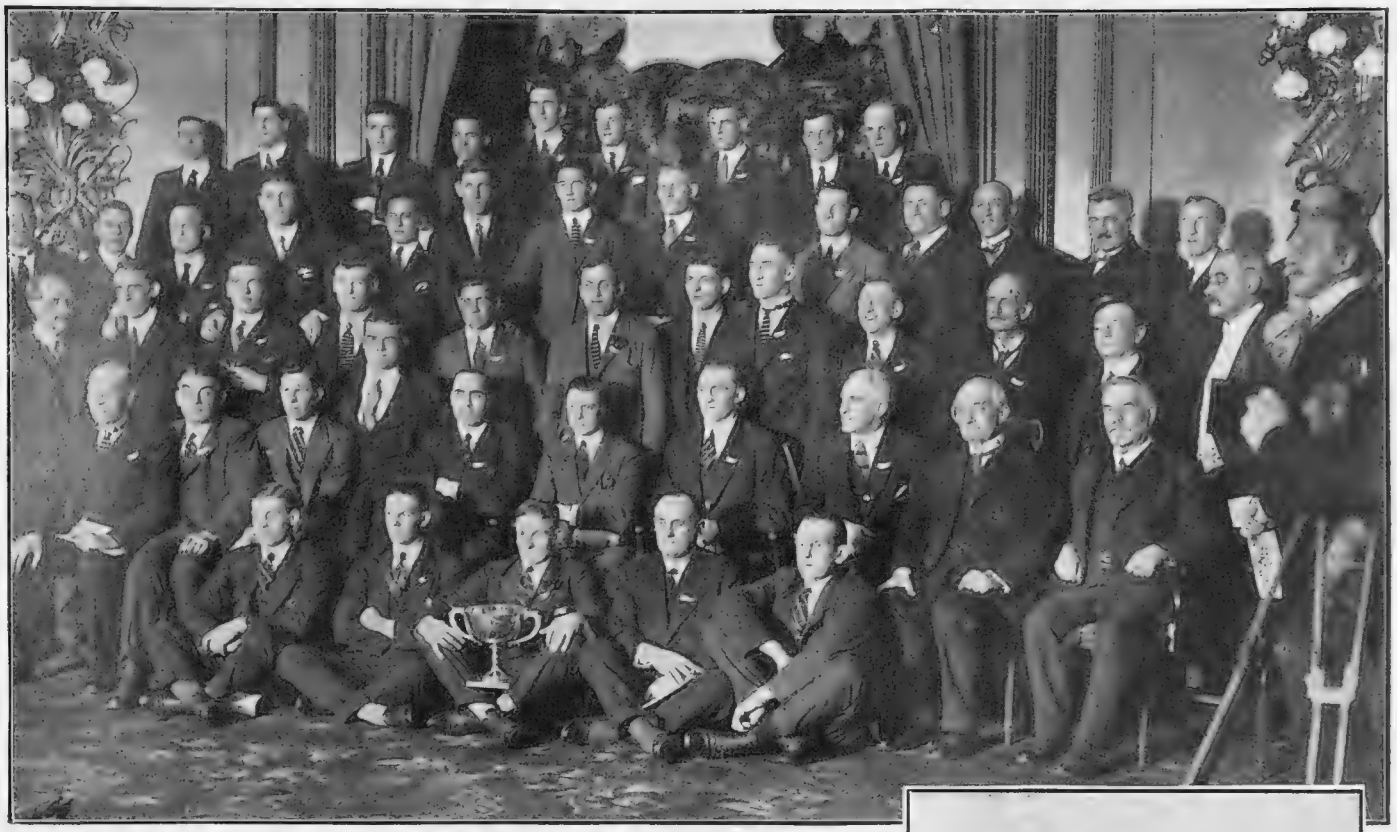
Eleven Up at the Savoy

BY HYNES

Some Personalities at the Stage Golfing Society Dinner, as seen by our artist on a recent occasion when they met for a few friendly rounds at the Savoy Hotel

Five in Family

Compton Collier

Captain and Mrs. Maurice Forsyth-Grant and their three children, Fenella, Maurice and Michael, in the grounds of Ecclesgreig, their home in Montrose, Kincardineshire. Captain Forsyth-Grant, who is a J.P. of the County, served in the War with the Seaforth Highlanders, winning his M.C. in 1917. Mrs. Forsyth-Grant is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Fraser Sibbald Scott, Bart.



"NO SIDE" [C.P.U.

The Prince of Wales with members of the New Zealand Rugby Football Team and some of their enthusiastic camp-followers, at the final fixture of the All Blacks in this country—the farewell luncheon given them at the Piccadilly Hotel, by that not unknown body of people described briefly as "the Sportsmen of the Motherland"

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Return of the Court

THE King and Queen spend a greater proportion of the year in London than any of their predecessors. One reason is the enormously increased amount of public business. Despite the entire change in the facilities for communication, long-distance telephones, etc., etc., if you notice, you will see the King is very rarely out of London during the sitting of Parliament.

Everything is now centred on Buckingham Palace. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were often at Windsor, and on occasions entertained visiting Royalties there—notably the King of Spain and the late King of Portugal. But money went much further in those days, and it is a costly business nowadays to move the Court and all its officials; hence the concentration on Buckingham Palace.

The King and Queen will pay their annual summer visit to Holyrood Palace, where the Royal apartments have been entirely redecorated and rearranged under the Queen's supervision.

The Other Side of the Medal

LORD SPENCER'S sale of certain of his pictures at Althorp to America has again raised the suggestion that owners of masterpieces should be prevented by law from selling them out of the country. If carried into force, this would still further penalise the successors to estates. Lord Spencer, whilst denying that £300,000 was paid for his Reynoldses, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and Franz Hals, says that the sum actually obtained will go towards the payment of death duties. Therefore, one may take it

Topical

PALM-Y DAYS—"ON M'AMI SHORES"

Two snapshots from Palm Beach of the Duke of Sutherland (above) and his Duchess (left), clad in the regulation and legal costume, who are among the fortunate folk who have chosen this famous spot of sunshine in the fine "dry" climate of Florida, for a bathing holiday

that a law preventing such a sale might embarrass the successor to an estate in finding the wherewithal to pay the duties levied by the State. The advocates of such a law overlook another point.

Such pictures as those sold by Lord Spencer are valued by a Government expert, and succession duty has to be paid on that value. It is conceivably possible for a man to succeed to a valuable collection of pictures and little else. Unless he sold some of the pictures he would not have the money to pay the death duties upon them. How would a law forbidding their sale work then?

THE CONVEYANCING ACT *I.B.*

The Duchess of Buccleuch and (seated in the pony-trap) her two grand-children, Lord Eskdale and Lady Elizabeth Scott, the Earl of Dalkeith's tiny son and daughter, off to a meet of the Buccleuch Hounds at Teviot Bank

Again, it seems scarcely fair to exact duties on pictures and then refuse to allow them to be sold. Why shouldn't the same law apply to historic furniture, old staircases and panelling, which are being constantly bought by Americans out of English houses? The only solution would be to exempt such masterpieces from taxation. And even then, what would happen if their owner couldn't afford a house in which to hang them?

Declined with Thanks

THE late Prince Roland Bonaparte has left some £150,000 in this country, but this amount can only represent a small portion of his fortune. He married a daughter of the famous M. Blanc, who created Monte Carlo as we see it to-day, and made a prodigious sum of money in consequence. M. Blanc was immensely proud of the Napoleon alliance, and was the most generous of fathers-in-law.

Alfieri

MRS. NOEL NEWTON and MRS. DAVENPORT-HANDLEY

Alfieri

MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD

Alfieri

MRS. McNEILE, LADY BARBARA SEYMOUR, MRS. ST. JOHN-MILDMAY

British Illus.

LADY ROWENA PATERSON

FOUR FROM THE CARD GAME AT LEICESTER

The Steeplechases and Hurdles drew a good crowd of card-carriers to Leicester last week, when, despite the fog on the second day, and the threat of more, the programme was carried through according to plan

Prince Roland's daughter, Princess Marie Bonaparte, carried the Blanc fortunes still higher by marrying Prince George of Greece, brother of the late King Tino, and at the time of their marriage only three steps away from the Greek throne.

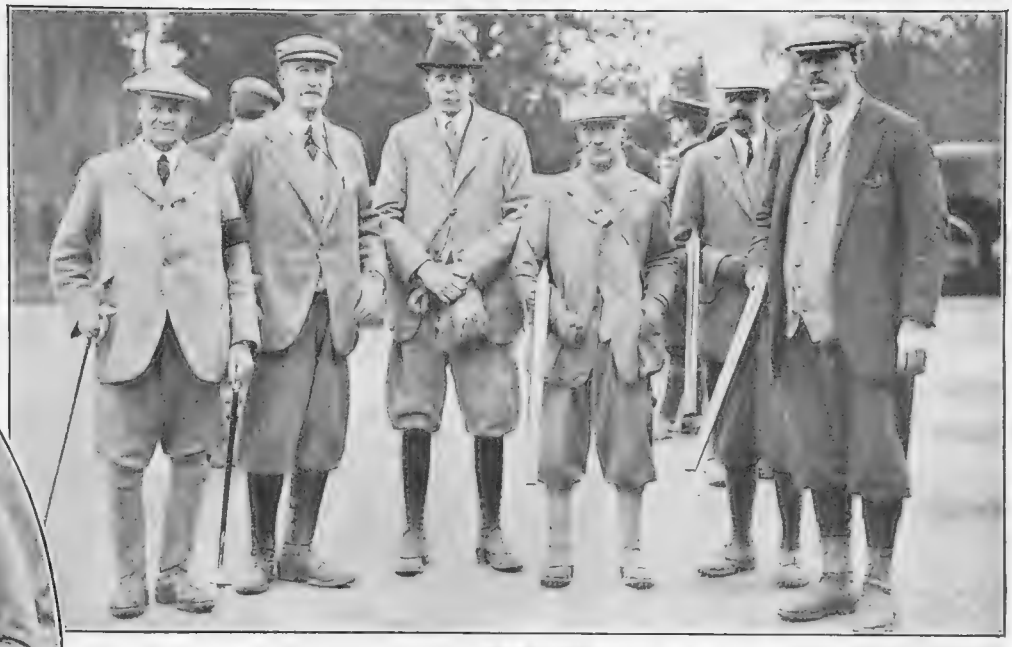
Prince and Princess George of Greece have made their home at St. Cloud, where they have a charming house, for many years. After the *débâcle* in what used to be

Sport and General

A WATCH FROM THE WOOD

The Countess of Bessborough with her son, Lord Duncannon, watching the Spaniel Trials at Idsworth

Austria-Hungary, Prince George was offered the throne of Hungary when the Hungarians discovered there was no possibility of its being accepted by an English prince. He declined with thanks, otherwise we might have had a Bonaparte once more amongst the sovereigns of Europe.



Alfieri

SOME OF THE GUNS

The Hon. William Hewitt, Lord Chesterfield, Lt.-Col. Heseltine, Mr. H. Christie, Captain H. Weller-Poley and Colonel H. L. Powell, at the Kennel Club's Fifth Championship Field Trials for Spaniels at Idsworth, Hants

An Heroic Queen

THE ex-Queen of Naples, who has just died in Munich at the age of eighty-four, was the last Queen to superintend a siege in person. The story would seem to belong to the days of chivalry rather than to the prosaic mid-Victorian period.

Her husband, Francis II of Naples, succeeded his father, the bad old King "Bomba," a year after their marriage. These were the days—1860—when Italy was realising her years-long dream of unification. King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia was proclaimed King of Italy, and a plebiscite of the Neapolitan people decided that Francis II should be dethroned.

Alfieri

WELL KNOWN IN DOGDOM

Mrs. Quintin Dick and three of her trained spaniels at the Kennel Club Trials at Idsworth

Francis was weak and vacillating. His young Queen was made of different stuff. When Garibaldi, after conquering Sicily, crossed over to Naples, the King and Queen took refuge at Gaeta with a garrison of loyal soldiers. The Queen was determined not to lose their throne without a struggle. And for three months she held the Garibaldian army at bay.

As I have said, it reads like an old romance. Utterly careless of danger, all day long she was on the battlements, encouraging the gunners; she nursed the wounded; she was here, there, everywhere, trying to instil her own courage into men who,

ROYAL FOX FOLLOWERS IN SPAIN [*Photopress*

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, and her two daughters, the Infanta Beatrice and the Infanta Maria, at a meet on the Royal Estate of Madrid, the Venta de la Rubia

whilst loyal, knew that their cause was hopeless.

Her husband was a cipher. One woman couldn't stand out against the whole of Italy, and the day came when she had to confess herself beaten. Naples passed under the crown of a United Italy, and she and her husband went into exile.

P. Apers

A RIVIERA BRIDE

Madame Jean Laurent Séassau who, before her marriage at the Mad leine in Paris last month, was well-known among the local Cannes residents as Miss Leila Cochran, daughter of Major and Mrs. Thomas Cochran, of Stoodley Knowle, Torquay, and the Villa Rêve d'Or, Cannes. Her husband is the son of well-known Nice residents

Three Tragic Sisters

THIS brave woman was the sister of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and the Duchess d'Alençon, all three Duchesses in Bavaria, and members of the ill-fated House of Wittelsbach. The Empress Elizabeth, after a life of tragedy culminating in the death of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, at Mayerling, was assassinated in Switzerland. The Duchess d'Alençon was burned to death in the awful fire at the Bazar de la Charité in Paris. The ex-Queen of Naples lived in exile for over sixty years. For many years she lived at the Palais de Naples at Neuilly near Paris. She had a close resemblance and much of the beauty of her sister, the Empress Elizabeth. She had no children.

The heir to the vanished kingdom of Naples is the Count of Caserta. He still protests his rights to his heritage. His second son, Prince Charles, married a sister of the King of Spain, and was naturalised a Spaniard, and given the title of Infante. Three years after his first wife's death he married Princess Louise of Bourbon, a sister of the Duke d'Orléans, Queen Amélie of Portugal and the Duchess d'Aosta. The wedding took place at Wood Norton, then the English home of the Duke d'Orléans. It was the first Royal wedding to be cinematographed, and I remember vividly an apparently heated argument between the Duchess d'Aosta and her brother, the Duke d'Orléans, in the procession. Obviously, both had forgotten the presence of camera-men. Great folks are wiser nowadays.

Premiums on Houses

FOR some months past your Bystander has been trying to find a house, because the lease of his present abode is nearing its end. When it ends the landlord will want three times the present rent, plus a premium. The landlord has said so.

What I want to know is why anybody wishing to dispose of the remainder of the lease of a small London house should demand a capital sum which means an income for ever and ever? Imagine being asked £1,000 for a six years' lease of a pillbox! You have to pay the rent for those six years. At the end of that time you either have to go elsewhere or renew the lease on the landlord's terms. Meanwhile the person who sold you that six years' lease has a certain income of £50 or £60 a year at least, out of your premium, for always.

Of course, where a house is in good repair and money has been spent on it by the seller of the lease, a reasonable premium represents what a new tenant would have to spend on decorations and general doings-up. But in my experience premiums asked are never reasonable. I have had proof of this in three instances. In October I saw three houses. The premiums for short leases were, respectively, £1,250, £1,000 and £850. The agent said each premium was the only sum that would be taken.

The Four Just Men

SUPPING at Oddenino's the other night, my charming hostess related a pretty story of the Kedroff Quartette, those strange and delightful Russian singers who were one of the big successes of the "Chez Fysher" Cabaret. She had met them, and had been charmed by their simple courteousness; and, being herself interested in Russian music, she arranged a little dinner party for them at her private house. None of the Quartette could speak a word of English, though one or two had a few words of French at their command. Their hostess-to-be thought she would get over the difficulty by inviting several Russian friends domiciled in London. But impish fairies—or whatever you call the queer rulers of our destinies—took a hand in the game. Influenza and unforeseen circumstances deprived the lady of her "interpreters" one by one. When the date of the dinner arrived she was bereft of them all, and in despair. When the Kedroff Quartette came into the room there was, not

G.P.U.

A QUIET WEDDING

Colonel Henry Porter, D.S.O. (late 60th Rifles) and his bride, Enid, younger daughter of Mrs. Campbell Watson of 31 Eaton Place, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage

A CUMBERLAND BRIDE

Mrs. Leonard Wilson, who was recently married to Captain Leonard Wilson. Both she and her husband are well-known in hunting circles up North. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jefferson of Bigrigg, Cumberland

Central News

THE WEDDING AND THE WHIPS

Outside Croft Parish Church, Durham, after the marriage of Major W. V. Beatty (Lord Beatty's brother) to the Hon. Sibell Fitzroy, daughter of Lord and Lady Southampton. The Huntsman and first Whip of the South Durham Hunt lent a picturesque touch to the scene. The honeymoon is being spent on the Riviera, at Colonel and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's villa

unnaturally, an air of strain. But they seemed to sense the kindness that was intended, and beamed like children. When, in an almost unbroken silence, dinner was served and their wine-glasses had been charged, the four rose solemnly and, with glasses raised, sang the most wonderful Russian drinking song as a toast to their hostess. After that everyone was happy—except possibly the perfectly trained parlourmaid, who must have needed every bit of that training to prevent her dropping the dishes in her surprise.

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL

Lord Desborough's popular unmarried daughter, who has been spending a holiday at St. Moritz, where, according to reports, she has been performing great feats of "bobbing" on the Cresta Run

The Winter Distress League

I HOPE the concert arranged by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson at the Palladium on Sunday afternoon in aid of the Winter Distress League brought a goodly sum to its coffers. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the President, had a gathering at her house in Belgrave Place last week to describe the work of the League. It is one of the most practicable schemes we have for relieving unemployment. The League finds work for men in repair-works at hospitals and other charitable institutions. It also has an electric home-cleaning service, men being sent out to clean houses with vacuum cleaners. Many people, I am told, have these men regularly and so avoid the horrors of a spring clean.

For women there is the Bachelors' Mending Service, where everything in the way of mending is done. Further than this, children are boarded out in the country and financial help is given in special cases to unemployed men. The League would be greatly helped in its fight against unemployment if people would make use of its various services. Miss Neville, the Secretary, 23, Bedford Row, W.C.1, will give you all particulars.

Our Serious Occupations

Now that the Test Match is finished, we can, I suppose, get on with our everyday jobs. I am as keen most people about cricket, but I do think it should not be allowed to interfere with the more serious of our occupations. It was almost impossible last week to get through our daily cross-word puzzles owing to the constant interruptions and excitement of the Test Match scores. It is almost a relief that the ashes have been won!

Special Press

A SUN DAY WALK

Colonel Knuthsen and Madame de Gonzales-Liner, enjoying the sunshine in the snow-clad by-ways of St. Moritz

Central News

FRENCH LEAVE

Monsieur Georges Carpentier, having stolen a few hours away from his numerous activities, enjoying a ski-ing holiday at St. Moritz

MONACO EN FÊTE

The representatives of the Civil Power arriving at the Cathedral at Monte Carlo for the national fête of the Principality—Monsieur Piette (Prime Minister of Monaco), Monsieur Marquet (President of the Council), Monsieur Richard (Director of the Museum) and other dignitaries

The Riviera Week by Week

BY DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

CANNES

THE weather is still the main topic of conversation here, for although we expect much more sunshine than is usual in an English winter, the most optimistic among us could scarcely dare to hope for two such brilliant months as December and January have been. A week ago the highest temperature registered in the shade at Nice was 67deg. Fahr., and the lowest 46deg., and in the sun the over-worked thermometer had to mount up to 99deg.! No wonder the new arrivals look around with astonishment and satisfaction as they descend from the Blue Train or the many other crowded expresses from the North. Open-air life is most attractive, and all sports are booming.

IN A SOUTHERN GARDEN

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at the Villa des Bruyères, his Beaulieu home, with Major Levett

THE OPENING CHORUS

A group of visitors at the new Bristol Hotel lawn tennis courts at Beaulieu which were recently opened by the Duke of Connaught. Names: The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Prince and Princess de Bourbon, Princess Elizabeth of Greece, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Matexas and Mr. and Mrs. Elie Joseph

G.P.U.

THE Nice races have never been so successful, and each day of the ten has enjoyed 100 per cent. sunshine. It is obvious that the pretty race-course at the mouth of the Var—which was not so long ago the frontier between Italy and France—will have to be considerably enlarged before long. Interest is now transferred to the meeting which began at Cannes on Sunday, the 25th, and continues up to February 10. The total prize-money is no less than half a million francs, making this one of the most important meetings in France and a great number of well-known sporting personalities have already arrived, among them Mr. Basil Jarvis, the trainer, who is at the Carlton Hotel.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF MONACO

Leaving the Cathedral after the ceremony on Monaco's national fête day

SIR WILLIAM and Lady Joynson-Hicks have arrived from Menton at the Hotel Gonnet, and will probably finish the Parliamentary vacation in Cannes, where they have many friends at present. Sir Joseph and Lady Hood, of Wimbledon, are also here, while other recent arrivals include Lady (Frank) Swettenham, from Albemarle Court, the Dowager Countess of Jersey, who has with her Lady Dunsany, and Lord Wolverton, who came round from England by way of Gibraltar and Marseilles on the P. and O. *Maloja*, and is, as usual, at the Grand Hotel. Lord Illingworth is also a guest at this hotel, awaiting the arrival of Lady Illingworth, who is recovering from her recent operation, and ex-King Manoel, registering under his

A RIVIERA RACE MEETING

The finish of the Prix de Monte Carlo during the recent races at Nice. Our picture shows "Ecurie," the winner, leading the field

customary *incognito* of the Comte d'Ourem, is expected with Queen Augusta Victoria on the 26th. Viscount and Viscountess Ebrington are staying at the Villa Allegria with the Hon. Sylvia Portman while Lord and Lady Portman are away in Egypt. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman have arrived at the Château de la Garoupe from St. Moritz, on a visit to Lord and Lady Aberconway, while Mrs Pulitzer of New York and her son, Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, the polo enthusiast, will take over this beautiful property a little later on for the spring season. The Marchioness of Cholmondeley has joined the Marquis at the Villa Caldana this week.

THE smartest affair of the season ought to be the Grand Gala in aid of the French Red Cross, which takes place at the Casino on February 12. The style of the gathering may be judged from the list of patrons and patronesses, all of whom hope to be present. Among them are H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, ex-King Manoel of Portugal and Queen Augusta Victoria, the Duchess of Vendôme, the Prince of Monaco, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Monaco, Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, Princess Elizabeth of Greece, Countess Torby, Comtesse de Caserta, Princess de Ligne, Princess Ghika, Princess Karageorgevitch, Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Duchess de Noailles, the Ranee of Pudukota, Lady Cheylesmore, Lady Coats, Margaret Lady Waterlow, Maud Lady Orr-Lewis, Countess Sondes, Lady Basil Zaharoff, Lady Wester Wemyss, Baroness de Meyronnet de St. Marc, Mrs. Pulitzer, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Ronald Brooke, Mrs. Van Alen, Lady Alan Johnstone, and many others.

THE NEW SCHEME OF THINGS

WINTER, AND A TOUCH OF SPRING— —WITH SUMMER DEFINITELY PREDOMINATING

C. P. U.

Many of the smart Parisian costumiers, as these four photographs show, are using the Riviera as a jumping-off ground on which to display their new models. At times like these, with the Riviera season at its height, the Nice race-course takes on the garb of a Longchamp in little

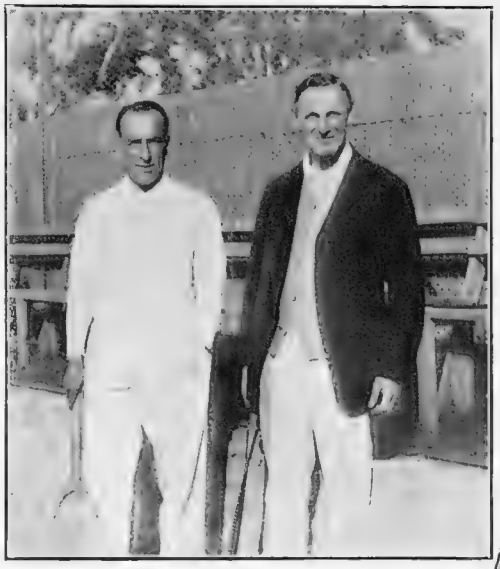
Lord Curzon has arrived at Eze, the picturesque hill-village near Nice, on a short visit, and Sir James Agg Gardner, M.P., is at the Majestic at Cimiez.

THE polo season began last Sunday with a match for trophies presented by Baroness de Meyronnet de St. Marc, and there was a large and distinguished crowd at the grounds at Mandelieu. There is every prospect of a record season, for accommodation for 220 ponies has already been taken, and most of the leading players in Europe and many from the U.S.A. are either here or on their way. Lieut.-Colonel Miller is in charge of the arrangements, and is very pleased with the outlook.

D. W. T.

LAWN TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA

ALTHOUGH the quality of the lawn tennis on the Riviera has not so far been exceptionally high, the play has been most enjoyable. The glorious weather has, of course, had a lot to do with it, but there are other contributory causes. For one thing, the tournaments out here have not suffered so far from the overcrowding which was prevalent up to last season and is still prevalent in England; and, for another, they guard over here, wisely enough, against congestion, by prohibiting players of both sexes from entering for more than four events in all. Consequently in this sunny land there is none of the hectic, helter-skelter business that we get at English tournaments, with anxious officials bawling lustily through megaphones and competitors playing match after match until they are beaten through sheer exhaustion. Here, too, the order of play is decided upon in advance, and you can read it in your morning paper, so that there is little or no "hanging about." The day's programme is therefore carried out in a quiet and orderly manner, which adds enormously to the pleasure of playing.



TOURNAMENT TIME ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

H. K. S.

The top picture shows Colonel Mayes (left), and Sir Arthur Crosfield, who played together in the men's doubles at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club Members' tournament. They were beaten by Lord Charles Hope and F. R. Scovell, whose photographs appear in the lower picture. Colonel Mayes won the singles and was second, with Lady Crosfield, in the mixed doubles. Lord Charles Hope and F. R. Scovell are both distinguished golfers. Scovell won the mixed doubles at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Tournament with Miss Ryan

G.P.U.

OUT-O'-DOORS

Lady Louisa Hamilton (left), and Lady Thomson, on the balcony of the latter's suite in the Riviera Palace Hotel, Mentone

MLLE. LENGLEN is as great a "draw" as ever. I believe the attendance at the Carlton Club when she and Colonel Mayes won the final of the Mixed Doubles there, and incidentally lost the first set to Miss Ryan and H. K. Lester, was a record one. There was nothing particularly startling about this lost set, for the opposition was quite formidable, and 'Suzanne," although she eventually came out in her true colours, was not playing at all well to start with—not nearly so well, in fact, as Miss Ryan.

ONE of the most improved players on the Riviera this season is Lord Cholmondeley. He is taking his tennis very seriously, for he practises a lot with a professional and keeps in fairly strict training. There is no man on the Riviera at the present time with a better service or a harder forehand drive, and the fact that he is left-handed makes these deliveries all the more awkward to tackle. Colonel Mayes, with whom he has been playing right well in Doubles, is about the only player out here on whom it would be fairly safe to lay a shade of odds against him. There are others, besides Mayes, who have beaten him, such as H. K. Lester, the Cambridge Blue

G.P.U.

LORD CHOLMONDELEY & MLLE. LENGLEN

On the new courts of the Hotel Bristol, Beaulieu

(another coming player who has now, to everybody's regret, gone back to Cambridge) and C. F. Aeschliman, the champion Swiss player, but with them it was a case of "only just." Lord Cholmondeley is a little apt to go off his game suddenly, but as soon as he manages to play consistently as well as he does sometimes he will be quite in the front row.

MISS RYAN is almost as far ahead of her rivals—bar "Suzanne," of course—as Suzanne herself. I don't know whether she has been reading the article in *American Lawn Tennis* about the limitations of the "chop" stroke, but, at any rate, she is now amusing herself by learning a straightforward forehand drive. She can practise it with impunity against most of her opponents, and is getting on famously. Naturally, she cannot bring the stroke off with the same regularity as her famous "chops," but this does not greatly matter—in fact, it delights her "victims" to find that they are winning more games than they hoped for—and if she succeeds in perfecting this new shot it will surely strengthen her game appreciably. It may even prove a rod in pickle for Mlle. Lenglen, whom she came so near to beating at Wimbledon last July.

THE new courts of the Bristol Hotel, at Beaulieu, were formally opened by the Duke of Connaught, patron of the Club, on Sunday, January 18. H.S.S.

The Glorious Adventure of Riviera Golf

CUTTING OUT THE ROUGH STUFF

Mrs. Martin (winner of the Ladies' Medal round) carving her way out of the rough at Mont Agel. Miss Blanche Davis, her opponent, is smiling sympathetically

BO(U)LDER AND BO(U)LDER

Captain John Hare and Mr. Edward Lotery (with Mr. R. D. Price as "king of the castle") playing hide and seek (plus a little golf) among the rocks

A QUEER LIE—TRUTHFULLY RECORDED BY THE CAMERA *G. P. U.*

Mrs. Hunting (left), Mr. Russell Hunting, Lt.-Colonel Worsley-Gough, Mrs. Russell and Mr. Keith Cameron on the rocks—in a golfing sense—at Mont Agel where, as our photographs show, golf is something of an adventure, with plenty of "incident" for those who like a sporting course. Perhaps the chief difficulty is to keep one's eye on the ball, for below and around are the most distracting of glorious views

Motley Musings

"You see," remarked the puzzled char-lady, "'e's arf gin and arf Italian. There's a cross-breed puzzle for you!"

. . . . . .

A CONTEMPORARY states that a theatre gallery always prefers blonde heroines. Our actresses should remember that "whom the 'gods' love dye young."

. . . . . .

CERTAIN inmates of Sing-Sing prison recently mutinied because they were set to work in the prison garden. It may be beneath their dignity, but we are confident they are *infra dig.*

. . . . .

THE American Senate is indignant with those Englishmen who disregard the U.S.A. liquor laws. They do a fair amount of "disregarding" themselves.

. . . . .

"THAT, my little fellow, is a bison," remarked the pedagogue.

"Well, it's different from the one what mother makes puddings out of," retorted the Cockney infant.

. . . . .

IT is reported that some Persian villagers have severely ill-treated two of their local caliphs. Apparently they don't want any Al Raschids knocking Haroun.

. . . . .

"I INTEND to send my boy up to Cambridge."

"Why not send him," remarked the finished Balliol product, "to the University?"

SOME ALPHABETICAL CHARACTERISTICS

Anna's awfully awkward and annoying—
Bella's barely beautiful but big—
Caroline's continually cloying—
Dora doesn't dutifully dig—
Ethel's eloquently effervescing—
Fanny's forty, formidably fair—
Gladys girlishly goes gaily guessing—
Hannah's hardlyhandsome henna hair—
Imogen is imitating Isobel—
Jessie just jocosely jostles Joan—
Katie's kind, kaleidoscopic, kissable—
Lily's left lugubriously lone—
Mary maddens many mopish minions—
Norah's neck's not nice; nor Norah's nose—
Olive obstinately owns opinions—
Pansy paints Papa's patrician pose—
Queenie's quickly querulously quaking—
Rachel reprehensibly rates Rose—
Susie's sometimes sitting slyly shaking—
Thora's ten, tenacious, tender toes—
Ursula's unduly undulating—
Violet's vain ventures vastly vex—
Winnie's wistful, wearifully waiting—
'Xcellent Xantippe's 'Xtra "X——."

* * *

Yvonne yodels yearningly—
Zenobia "zithers" zealously!

WHAT EVERY EXPERT KNOWS By BATCHELOR

Village Hampden (explaining Allied debts): "It's like as if you owes me five bob an' I pays George 'alf a dollar wot I owes 'im for 'aving borrowed to pay you afore you pay me for what you owes me for 'aving borrowed. See?"

WE know now why so many of our modern poets write the gloomy verse we associate with the Shropshire school. They are suffering from Housman's knee.

. . . . .

WE read that nearly all poets have suffered from dyspepsia. Even Dante, we remember, had his little Inferno trouble.

. . . . . .

An old South Sea monarch called Noah,
Had an appetite fit for a boa:
When he'd eaten three hams,
Half a goat and two lambs,
He said, "Thank 'ee; now bring me Samoa!"

. . . . . .

"YUS," remarked the perfect lidy to her sworn foe, "I've seen things like you in the middle of a really ripe apple!"

. . . . . .

A WEEKLY journal says that most of our judges are below medium height. Well, we know these little things are only sent to try us.

. . . . . .

"JOHNNY hasn't many bad habits," said his fond mother, "but I do wish he wouldn't bob his nails."

. . . . . .

WE wonder whether the City Corporation intend to take a leaf out of the Dean's chapter.

. . . . . .

"ONLY a fortnight ago," declared his irate employer, "you told me the same yarn about your grandmother's death."

"Yes, sir," replied the unabashed one, "ain't it wonderful how history repeats itself?"

. . . . .

A PARISIAN journal is offering a prize for the best Ode to France. We should like to see a version on what she's owed to us.

. . . . .

A LADY writes to enquire what the letters l.b.w. signify. Not "love and best wishes" anyway.

. . . . .

How some men contrive to get married is a mystery only to be explained by the fact that girls can take a joke.

. . . . .

A DEVON dentist has just succumbed to poisoning brought on by pyorrhea. He would seem to be condemned out of his own mouth.

HARTLEY CARRICK

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

. . . . AND NEVER A CROSS WORD!

RUGGER RAGGINGS

NOT SO JOLLY EASY.

By "PENDARVES"

THERE were men all that Saturday morning, at lunch, all the way down in the cars, in the palpitating Stands, saying, "Jove, I'm sorry for Wales to-day, after the show we put up on the 3rd. . . ." I like to reflect upon this because I was of those few derided ones who thought otherwise. It was explained to me, in the Prefect-to-shivering-fag tone of voice, that I was just being idiotic in supposing that Wales "had an earthly."

I was informed that we had out practically the same side, strengthened by Locke, Luddington, and a Brough who had found his international feet, and that if *that* was my opinion they were sorry for my Editor, etc. The Welsh side was a young, untried bit of mechanism, up against a combination that had been through hell fire and had only got a bit scorched. And with all this bandinage and sarcasm we settled down into our seats (and as much of the other fellow's as we could expand into) to watch the joyful preliminaries.

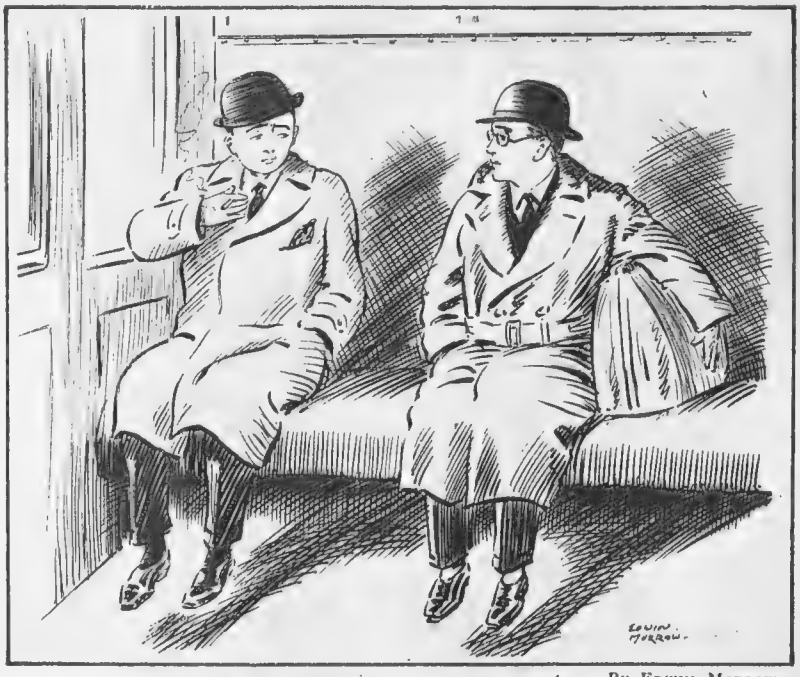
Owing to the watchfulness of the Metropolitan Police we were nearly denied the annual goal-post incident. But at about 2.20 a doughty warrior from Llanffairfestiniog crept from among the ruck of his fellows, enormous leek in hand, and hied him to a goal post. Adjacent policemen, on being questioned subsequently I understand, said their attention at the time was monopolised by the beginnings of an ugly looking fight between visitors from Maestigllanfechan and Cwlyullaffianfa (they had it written down). But, as the cheering supporters of the goal-post climber said, "this was only a blind, look you now." Remained the task of a very self-conscious Robert to unhitch the symbol amid taunts and jibes in a language which fortunately neither he nor we understood. It *sounds* very insulting.

And then the teams came out, and for a moment comparative peace reigned. Curious attitude of mind these gentlemen enjoy who come up in the special trains from the Principality. I always get amongst them if possible, and to hear them talk—when they lapsed into my tongue—one would have thought that England's chances were about 4 to 1 against. I wonder what inspires this crazy optimism? Perhaps it is the leek dangling from cap and buttonhole. It seems to have a hypnotic effect on them. Personally I find it a gritty sort of vegetable at the best of times.

There were certain outstanding impressions from an otherwise rather dull exhibition of international football. The two full backs monopolised my attention for quite a while. The comparison between Brough, and the Welsh skipper, T. Johnson, was most marked, considerably to the detriment of our Cumberland fisherman. In the Welshman you have an erstwhile wing threequarter of pace and experience who has at his fingers' ends the art of both kinds of tackle: "the smother," meted out mercilessly to gallumphing forwards who find themselves in unwonted possession of the ball and are looking wildly round for some kind friend to lob it to; and the "hurl into touch" by the legs, going low with terrific impact. We had examples of both these, several times, particularly in the case of Gibbs, well away, and Hamilton-Wickes, certain tries in each case being saved. Brough's weakness, a serious and dangerous one, is that he can only kick with the left foot. Thus twice was he caught receiving the ball with the wrong foot available, and was overwhelmed before he could change feet, as it were, to get the relieving kick in. Of course, Nepia makes both these players appear second class, as indeed they are by comparison. But you cannot judge him by ordinary standards, as he is a phenomenon and a rare one at that.

Another impression, a vivid one, was that these "unknown" Welsh forwards were getting the ball far too often. Massey's defence in creeping round and smothering Delahay was fine, and for this alone he justified his cap. But when we did get the ball his throwing out to Kittermaster made things very difficult for the latter to get our threes on the move. In fact, their forwards more than held ours, to the obvious astonishment of the latter. Indeed the story of the match in a few words is that the Welsh forwards and Delahay threw our machine out of gear in the first quarter of an hour, and it never meshed smoothly thereafter. With our lead in the middle of the second half reduced to a bare 3 points the England forwards had one of their match-saving "feverish attacks," ably doctored by Hamilton-Wickes, whose play was magnificent throughout. I firmly believe that it was this sudden frenzy on the part of "Wakers" and his tired men, plus the brilliance of the old Cambridge captain, that secured a victory that was by no means so jolly easy as a hundred men of my acquaintance had testified it would be—all of whom breathed sighs of thanksgiving when the "no side" whistle blew. If Wales had been as good behind as they were in front, the Twickenham tradition would have been broken rather badly.

The vital importance of following up a forlorn hope was exemplified once again by a try almost identical to that obtained against New Zealand, and by the same couple of men. The ball comes from a scrum across to Hamilton-Wickes, who beats Cornish and Johnson before passing inside to Kittermaster *who had followed up*. Off goes the latter (he had never run so fast before in his life I'll swear) with what must have seemed to him the whole of Wales at his heels. The goal-posts loom up and he falls down near them, just in time. And then, if you please, our safe kicker, Armstrong, with a "no charge" allowed, goes and misses it. I was so angry I nearly ate a leek!



OUR JEUNESSE STAGE-DORÉE By EDWIN MORROW

FIRST SCHOOLBOY: "Did you do any shows in the hols.?"

SECOND SCHOOLBOY: "Well, I stuck to dancing most of the time, but I did drop into the Palladrome once or twice and rag the chorus a bit"

A Bit of "Lightnin'" That Strikes London

Janet Jevons

MISS DIANA WILSON

Who plays lead in "Lightnin'," the new American play by Winchell Smith, produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre last night (January 27) after a week's trial run at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. Every American knows what "Lightnin'" is; so does every Australian, South African and New Zealander, for the play has toured with conspicuous success in the Southern hemisphere during the last three years. If *you* don't know "Lightnin'" go to the Shaftesbury

Our Step Relations

BY BERT THOMAS

HE: "Sorry! Did I step on your foot again?"
SHE *(resignedly)*: "I didn't know you'd been off it yet"

YOGO HAMA ON FACT AND FICTION

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,—

YOU will no doubtfully experience to feel profoundishly sad when you are inform that I have suffered confinements in my bed with a nose cold of considerable *h.p.* But during saidly incarcerations I have assiduously consumed several scores of novels, belle and other lettres, which have caused me to propagate high and low temperatures in rapid successions. Some of these stories make us to feel it are delicious to be alive (notwithstandingly nose distempers), and others very reversely send us below zero and other pars, so that we wish to only die or else swig gals of cocaine and sing very devilishly "let us be wicked and gay, because tomorrow we shall be defunct and *non est.*" Should it not be very delicious to chew some lbs of this non-theological herb and enjoy fashionable dreams till we suffer reformations by a chaste and lovely fair who devotes herself out of love and weeps for our sins? O very indeedly yes!

I greatly love these administering angel tales which make me to feel very wicked and sinnish. But even more I dote to read the muscular and silent masc books which prove to show that all really effeminate femns love to enjoy good bangings from Hon. hero because it makes them to love him more. This are very pleasant thought to think, so that when I see a very luscious fair who produces me some palpitations and heart effects I shall make purchase a stick and strenuously apply same. "At lastly," she will ejacule, "I have succeeded to find my master. Kindly to continue to be masterful so I may love you more extremely." O yes, I muchly enjoy these books which make me to feel the lion of beasts and a lordly creation.

But you must not run away to suppose that all men are eagles. Some are very vice versa and live to become martyrs because of so pure and Hon. hearts. These so non-fortunates are usually nuptialled to wives who do not trust their innocents, but accuse them for enjoying sins they would not dream to commit. Imagine to suppose, for instants, 1 of these so non-understood heroes appears to his wife with, reposing in his hands, a fortuneless infantine 2 or only 3 days of age.

"Kindly to inform where you produced this so suspicious offspring?" demands to savagely know his better ½.

"You must not be so trustless to enquire this wicked question, but speedishly apply succours and other nourishments to this innocent blessing," he responses.

"The muscular and silent masc"

"I shall not be so foolish to take this certificateless infantine to my bosoms, but I shall sue you a divorce without an option."

"O I did not think you would be so trustless, so now I shall depict you the truth," he ejacules. "A very impoverish but pure femn imprayed me to temporarilly hold this offspring while she made purchase a commodity. I wait 5 or 7 hours, but she does not reappear herself, so I bring this non-luck blessing for cherishings and other femn perks."

"Ha, ha, you flatter to suppose me a dupe! Take this wifeless child which you have insulted me to produce and do not exhibit me your chasteless face again any more."

The so non-understood husband, who has not ever nourished 1 pureless thought, departs himself with a groan. Numerous non-happy years

"Take this wifeless child"

afterwards, he are discovered by the pure but impoverish femn, still holding the non-luck offspring. When his so wicked wife learns to hear the truth, she suffers stupendous anguishes and falls down a decline till she expires. Then Hon. hero and the so sweet femn nuptial themselves to each others and perform croons over a cot. This shows how wicked it are for wives to non-believe their husbands, and promises them to meet with very bad ends.

And now, Hon. Sir, I shall compose you a very up-to-dateish novel which I have invent and shall apply to get a patent for. It are called

"I shall seem very wicked and allure"

THE YELLOW SOCK.

Gladiola Gale was so beautiful as a ripstone or other pippin, which made to fall in love with her very numerous mascs. But she could legitimately nuptial only 1 at a time and this caused them to be very sad and they suicided themselves to make her happy. This caused her to non-justly acquire a bad name, also grow more beautiful and allurish. We met when she was a boy.

"We met when she was a boy"

"I love the so sweet smell of your smoking pipe. Kindly to permit I should borrow a puff," she ejaculed coyishly to me.

I imprinted her a hollow kiss for good rewardings. And she responsed thus and thus—but here we must draw a vale.

Then she thrilled me a luscious song while washing her nose handkerchief in my shaving-pot. (Heaven help her and the pot and every 1 else.)

"Immagine to suppose . . ." she whisped.

"And then . . ." I responsed.

This so beautiful fair (I almost depicted this so lovely femn, but that would be accurateless and non-sporting), this so beautiful fair was so beautiful that not anybody believed she was good, but very to the contrary.

Then 1 day—any day, because I do not nourish any feelings on this subject, and I like best to smoke navy cut—I say 1 day—January or February for that matter—Saxon Augur suggested to nuptial her. He was a very old stock person with blueish blood and other Anglo-Norman perks. They loved each others. (Heaven help the boys of the old brigade, and you and us and the dog.)

"You are not bad, but very good and chaste," ejaculed Saxon Augur.

We projected ourselves through the door. Or perhapsly I should better say, we made some projections through the door, (it *was* a door, wasn't it not ?) and strained to pursue her. There was a thunderish crash and several numerous sparkings. Gladiola Gale had suicided her head in a wall.

I now prognose you 1,000's of sales in the Tootings and other suburbans because of this delicious upper 10 novel I have depicted. Also I shall seem very wicked and allure, so that flaps, nursing-maids and other femn natives shall die for loving me.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you shall speedishly recover yourself from my shocks, I remain

Yngo Hama

"Suicided her head in a wall"

The Club Spirit

"Wherever the Englishman is, there is a club," a shrewd foreigner once observed. A glance at the 1925 edition of *Clubs* (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., Ltd.: *7s. 6d.*, or *7s. 10d.* post free) confirms this. This handy little book contains a list of 3,950 clubs frequented by the British all over the world. Useful particulars of the clubs are given—such as the address, secretary's name, subscription, objects, etc. No less than 1,560 golf clubs are included, among them being 220 ladies' clubs for the Royal and Ancient game.

The Ruling Passion

BY CHLOË PRESTON

A PICTURE *WITH* WORDS

"The Bystander" Abro

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR IN THE ARGENTINE

The "young idea" in Bandera with the right idea of what to read. "The Bystander" lends flavour to the *mate* ready brewed

PARTY FAVOURITISM AT THE BARINGTON TOPS

A picnic in New South Wales without "The Bystander" is worse than one without a kettle—or a corkscrew

THE MAIN SHEET

A "look-see" at a visitor who has just come aboard the lugger in Northern China

A PEEP

A friendly "boys" for

IN PENANG

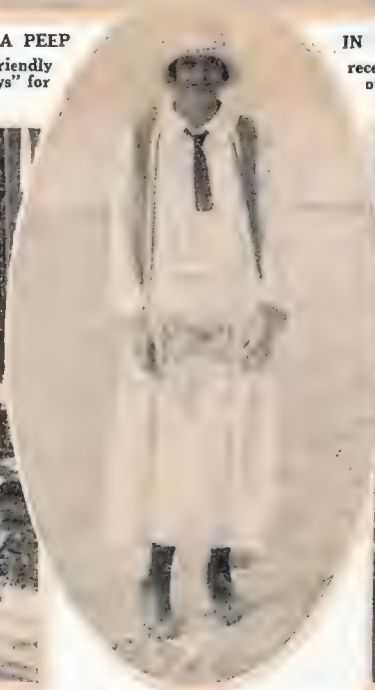
reception from two Malay our summer number

IN HIGH BOLIVIA

A highly-esteemed friend arrives at Humiri, 12,500 ft. above sea-level

OFF PARADE IN PALESTINE

Four members of the British section of the Palestine Gendarmerie at Sarafand with the latest addition to their ranks



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

"The Bystander" and its fair Canadian owner on Lake Erie

A READ-O ON THE LIDO

"The Bystander" in action on the Italian front at Venice. The Doge's Palace is seen in the left background

A few of the many photographs received from readers in all quarters of the globe whi

d: PICTORIAL LINKS WITH OUR READERS FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD

A DOG'S LIFE ON THE GOLD COAST
When there are two humans plus two "Bystanders" things are apt to be quiet—in the Bawku district

IN LANTERN LAND
A few quiet moments with a welcome friend from the Old Country, in a garden in the far Hunan Province of Central China

A PLACE IN THE SUN
A few moments of added brightness in Portuguese East Africa

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON
A great haul—pisca-torial and literary—at Tainpo, New Zealand

BLACK LOOKS
Pagan Dancers make the acquaintance of "The Bystander" in Northern Nigeria

ROLLED DOWN TO RIO
Four English engineers, complete with bright and intellectual partners, in a sunny garden near Rio de Janeiro

NEAR CAIRO
A little relief from the Egyptian question to two Maadi readers

A BLACK AND WHITE STUDY
Three "piccanins" at Chemba in Portuguese East Africa, deeply interested in "Carbine's" selections for Gatwick

bear silent—but eloquent—testimony to the world-wide popularity of "The Bystander"

Things Seen and Herd

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How the spread of Broadcasting brought home-comforts to a lonely herdsman in the Highlands

NEW SERIES

LITTLE NATURE STUDIES

No. II.—THE PARLOUR SERPENT.

By ARTHUR MILLS. *Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS*

THE Parlour Serpent is usually harmless, though dangerous specimens have been found. These, however, are more common in Latin-speaking countries, and may be distinguished at once from the harmless variety by the pungency of their hair-oil and the blueness of their chins.

The Parlour Serpent frequents cosy drawing-rooms and lives principally on tea and chocolate cakes. It prefers women's society to men's, but its behaviour, if thrown into contact with men, is conciliatory. Despite this, men do not like it; on this account specimens have been found under sofas, having crept there, it is presumed, on hearing the approach of their natural enemy.

Though timid, the Parlour Serpent will attack one of its own kind, if it ventures on to the same feeding-grounds, very savagely indeed.

A peculiarity of the Parlour Serpent is that no matter how harmless it actually is, its belief in its own "dangerousness" is implicit. In illustration of which I give the following story.

Marmaduke Brown was first viewed in the summer of ———. He had established his headquarters in a studio on Notting Hill. Here he painted a little and wrote a little and played a little; his means of livelihood, unless he possessed a private income, remained a mystery; he was, however, generally considered clever, particularly by Lady Finnick, who took him up. Lady Finnick would, of course, so people said, take up anything. However, she does not come into this story, so what's it matter if she did? Anyway, she took up Marmaduke, and through her Marmaduke met Millicent.

"The Parlour Serpent frequents cosy drawing-rooms"

Millicent was like a portrait by Burne-Jones finished by Kirschner (this is Marmaduke's *mot*, which went round London like wild-fire at the time and set the fashion for a stained glass window stare and orange face powder). She was married to John Potts—as she believed, unhappily. John had various military decorations, a responsible private business, a place in the country, and a passion for pigs.

Millicent would not live in the country and cared nothing for the welfare of the pigs. Marmaduke understood her point of view—ah! but how he understood it, and her, and everything.

Marmaduke was 5 ft. 5 in.—seven inches shorter than John.

Marmaduke and Millicent met frequently. They talked redundantly of the same matters. Marmaduke was invited to the place in the country, where he saw for himself the conditions under which Millicent lived; they made him shudder. Before he went down he read up about pigs in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and talked intelligently about them to John, who took him to see the pigs; they made him shudder, too.

But the worst shock he got of all was from a certain Captain Tracey, another member of the house-party. Whether the Captain had been invited by Millicent or John, Marmaduke could not determine; but the object of his visit was evident—Millicent! Tracey was a terrible fellow—a fox-hunter, as flash as a reflecting mirror. Marmaduke sensed that even John did not like him. The visit was a period of strain for all parties.

It would have been about a fortnight later that Marmaduke received a telephone message to dine with Millicent at the Ritz. He *must* come, the message said; so he cancelled his other arrangement.

They dined at a discreet table in the corner. Marmaduke saw at once that Millicent was overstrung. She talked and talked about nothing in particular. Every now and then her eyes strayed nervously towards the door.

"You seem worried," said Marmaduke.

"I am," Millicent agreed.

"There is no need to be." He took her soft little hand in his.

She looked at him with her soulful Burne-Jones eyes.

"I know there isn't, when I am with you," she said.

A deep silence fell upon them. Marmaduke broke it.

"How fortunate," he said, "that you *realised*—that you had the courage to give me the courage to——"

She kept one hand in his; with the other she searched for her lipstick. Suddenly he felt her fingers tighten in a convulsive squeeze.

"Oh, God! Here is my husband."

Marmaduke squared his shoulders. After all, they were in a civilised restaurant, and there were plenty of waiters about.

John advanced, shook Marmaduke warmly by the hand, apologised for not being dressed, and turned to his wife.

"Just wanted to tell you, I've got to go down to-night. I'll leave the car up."

"All right, dear."

"Well, see you to-morrow, then. Hope you enjoy the play." John

nodded to Marmaduke and took himself off.

Marmaduke breathed more freely.

"What play?" he asked.

"I've forgotten," said Millicent. "I told him we were going to one."

A look of complete understanding came into Marmaduke's eyes, which quickly changed to rancour as he saw standing in the doorway that odious Captain Tracey. The fellow was actually looking and nodding at Millicent. The cheek of it!

Millicent pushed back her chair.

"Excuse me one moment."

She went over and talked to Tracey. Marmaduke noticed they were both laughing. The fellow was always cracking some silly joke.

Millicent returned. She held out her hand.

"Thank you so much. I can't tell you how you have helped me."

"Helped you! You are not going!" said Marmaduke, bewildered.

Millicent put on the sad expression which pretty women wear on such occasions.

"I must. Captain Tracey has come to fetch me."

"To fetch you! But you . . ."

Millicent looked still more aggrieved.

"It is all so—so difficult to explain. John is so jealous; he can't bear Peter Tracey, but he doesn't mind my dining with you a bit. He—he likes you—you see. Good-night, and thank you so much for a lovely dinner."

Marmaduke stood staring after her. "He—he *likes* me," he stuttered.

NEXT WEEK—
No. III. The Bottle-Wash

"The mandoline *fait rêver*"

PARISIANA By "Rene"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

ONE begins to wonder if a sort of blight has temporarily fallen on Paris. One will almost certainly be accused of being a blighter for daring to give publicity to such an idea, but the risk must be faced. Moreover, I am not alone and unsupported, for others have also noted the phenomenon, and they have been far more pungent in their criticisms than I am ever likely to be. Let's hope our surmises may prove to be wrong. All the better for Paris if our deductions are all awry.

IT's like this. Paris is just bored to death. The *élite*, the Smart Set, the people who say and do the thing that "goes"—call them what you like—have wearied themselves into such an excess of apathy that they are unable to give forth a flicker of interest in anything that is merely normal. They are lying prone poor things, fatigued with the fashionable, crushed by the conventional, exhausted by the essential, and utterly unable even to become exasperated with the irrational.

YOU might say, "Well, what about it? Why not just leave them alone till they get over it?" But the problem lies in the undeniable fact that the remainder of the would-be gay citizens hitch their unilluminated and unilluminable wagon to this *clique*, which they vision as their guiding star. The whims and caprices of the "*M'as-tu vu's*" are the laws of the multitude. Their hall-mark must be upon anything that seeks to capture the crowd.

Eh bien, the apparent blight is operative in various spheres, but the damage is most marked in the theatre. To many an onlooker the situation of the theatre must appear desperate. Parisian playwrights are running wild in their efforts to capture the desired attention and applause. Mere ordinary merit, or even an extraordinary merit, is not sufficient. Authors must innovate, must introduce something startling, something provocative, if they are to stifle yawns and prop open heavy eyelids. The *clique* needs to be jolted. It would rather be jarred than jaded.

WELL, the playwrights, who *après tout* must provide bread for their starving offspring, have set about jolting the somnolent ones into animation. And they have set about it with an audacious violence to conventions and morals. They have at last come to the conclusion that a bed on the stage provokes about as much of a thrill as a coal scuttle, and that even a contest 'twixt two beds "off" leaves the cynical *clique* coldly indifferent. Surfeited, the audiences of the *premières, bien Parisien*, do not care a crumb which bed the wayward heroine selects in the third act, whether it has a pink or a mauve coverlet, or whether

"Bread for their starving offspring"

she wears mah-jong patterned pyjamas or merely jazz ones.

THEY crave for a new sensation, something that will stir their sluggish livers and banish boredom. Simultaneously, several of the dramatists seem to think they have discovered the revivifying remedy in the dramatising of hitherto forbidden relationships. They cannot be said to have invented anything. They have raked among the muck-heaps of some of the world's oldest playwrights for subject-matter with a tang about it, and the only novelty, really, is the implication that the moderns, who had been content with plain, straightforward, simple sinning, now seek the introduction of fantasies or viciousness.

THESE playwrights must have a box-office sense of the drift of public taste, for their plays have been a commercial success. And that without the advertisement of hostile criticism, of which there has been practically none. A little mild surprise at the choice of subjects has been expressed in some quarters, but apart from that there has been nothing but approval. Perhaps that is the best commentary on a situation for which the term "blight" seems scarcely too strong.

IT would not be advisable to venture on details of these plays—some of which are by famous authors—but one of them presents a sister making love to a brother, and the hero of another would come into conflict with the law for *détournement de mineure*, if it were not revealed just in time that the decoy *mineure* is really of age.

THE success of these farmyard-moral plays seems to bear out that Paris theatre-goers now want their comedies strong, like their Camembert. There is no place for *petit suisse* with sugar. Well, there are folks who say that Parisians would not eat Camembert if they saw it "matured." Possibly they will soon lose their taste for highly flavoured plays and recover healthy appetites. If not, we are in for a far from dainty vogue, judging from the odour that clings to some of the recent ventures.

WHILE the playwrights are scavenging about to find highly-seasoned subjects, there are other folk who are sufficiently romantic to seek to revive the serenade as a challenge to the fox-trot. Indirectly that is. Their avowed purpose is to rehabilitate the mandoline, and an international congress is to be held in France to this end. Well, the congressors, or whatever you call them, may have confidential reasons for feeling optimistic, but this scarcely seems the opportune moment to strive to reimpose the mandoline on a banjo-bemused world.

THE call is for action, not reverie, our creditors assure us, and the mandoline *fait rêver* makes one wish to go out in the moonlight and serenade the first fair maid to be located on a lofty balcony, scornful of the possibility that she may decide that the *petit chien* had better take his evening run somewhat earlier than usual.

NO, it hardly looks as if the nations of the world will set to "scratching the hambone" with fervour. All the fervour of the moment is for the banjo, which, instead of lulling us into dangerous amorous dreams, drives us to dance. There will be no fleeing from substantial satisfaction under the coloured electric lights of the dancing, to go serenading and sighing in the moonlight, expecting a silken rope-ladder to be unrolled from a balcony. The magic of the mandoline is powerless against the throb of the banjo and the insistent appeal of the saxophone.

"Serenading and sighing in the moonlight"

THE Frenchman is often described as "*un type qui mange beaucoup de pain et qui ne connait pas la géographie.*" That is probably no longer true, but it is certain that Frenchmen have an impulse to risk adventures in languages of which they know very little. While an Englishman is always delighted to speak his own tongue if he thinks the other person can understand him, a Frenchman finds a joy in using a foreign language though he may know only five words.

A CONFIDENT lad of this sort has caused startling results by translating "Eau de vie de Charente Inférieure" as "Inferior Charente Brandy," leaving the Anglo-Saxon consumer to conclude that there are various qualities of Charente brandy and that this one is not the best. Now Charente-Inférieure which, of course, becomes Lower Charente in English, wants to change its name to Charente-Maritime in order that there shall be no more obstacles to the sale of its liqueurs.

RENÉ

"Combat between the mandoline and the banjo"

The Whirl of the Hunting World:

A group including: Miss Morrice, Miss Justice, Miss Moir, Captain Gage, Mr. Justice and Mr. Moir, taken at the meet "on foot" of the V. W. H.

SOME OF THOSE PRESENT AT THE BINGHAM HALL,

Back row: Mr. Peacock (left), Mr. Tubbs, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Noble. Seated: Miss Palmer, Miss Dennis, Miss Tubbs and Miss Heath Harrison

AN AFTER-THE-BALL MEET. *Topical*

Lord Ronaldshay, with his eldest son, Lord Dundas, and his eldest daughter, Lady Viola Dundas, and Lady Ronaldshay, at a meet of the Zetland at Raby Castle, Darlington

ACROSS THE BORDER *I. B.*

Mr. Stapleton-Bretherton, Major Arthur Paton and Mrs. Paton at a recent meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds at Teviot Bank, near Hawick

Good Going Indoors and Out

W. Dennis Moss

V. W. H. (CRICKLADE) HUNT BALL AT CIRENCESTER

A group including, Major and Mrs. Griffith-Jones, Mr. Crichton, Miss Crichton, Mr. Denys, Miss Deans and Miss M. Deans

Standing: Mr. Gwynne (left), Mr. Gott, Major J. R. Mullings. Seated: Miss Vera Marshall, Mrs. J. R. Mullings and Miss McTaurin

Photo Illus.

FOOT FOLLOWERS OF THE SOUTHDOWN—

Mrs. C. L. Bullock (left), with Mrs. Shearman, Miss A. Shearman, and a four-footed member of the Shearman ménage who is also wearing his fur coat, at Newick Green

—AND THREE MORE

Photo Illus

Lady Kitty Vincent (who hasn't brought her Alsatians with her), Miss Rosemary Thornton and Mr. L. Thornton, at a meet of the Southdown at Newick Green, near Lewes

Produced December 15, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE title of this amusing farcical comedy is nicely comprehensive, since it may refer to a couple who have been quite recently wedded, or to two people who are just, as it were, married. On the other hand, the chief interest of the play is concerned with a couple of young people who just ought to be married. At times the fun gets a little reckless; but as the play ends with a clear indication that the conventions are to be duly and properly respected, Mrs. Grundy has no cause to snivel. The production serves the useful purpose of introducing to London Mr. Lynne Overman, who is a humorist of the first water, and who makes us all laugh prodigiously. I am prepared to concede that the humour is not always of the official English standard, but, strictly between ourselves, that is just what makes it so riotously funny. Mr. Overman is a real joy.

THE play, being of American origin, is naturally concerned a good deal with the hot and rebellious liquors that may not lawfully be applied to the blood in the land of the "Free." Mr. Overman appears in the play as Robert Adams, a young man about town, who is embarking at a French port on a liner sailing for New York. He makes his first entry singing jovially, and it is quite clear to us that he has what Americans used to call, in their unregenerate days, a mild "jag" on him. It is one of the neatest and most restrained exhibitions of intoxication I remember to have seen, while at the same time it is emphatically convincing and naturally raises a wholesome shriek of laughter from an English audience. Robert Adams is, of course, quite all right, but he has a little difficulty in collecting his ideas, and his mixed metaphors are a sheer delight. Once, while talking to a friend at the ship's gangway, he flourishes his walking cane about and hits himself in the back with it. There is a clear touch of nature about the way in which he turns round and begs somebody who isn't there not to do that again.

ALL the scenes of the play occur on board the liner. The young couple, who are the "just married" of the story, are Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, who naturally enough have a state-room to themselves for the voyage—No. 77, to be precise. No. 75 is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Witter, who are chaperoning their niece Roberta, who is engaged to one of the passengers, named Percy Jones. Roberta has one of the berths in state-room No. 76, it being understood that the other berth is to be occupied in due course by an elderly lady who has not yet arrived on board. Robert and Roberta meet for the first time at the foot of the gangway leading to the lower deck. Roberta hurries along followed by a protesting cabman who, having driven the lady to the pier, not unreasonably wants to be paid his fare. But Roberta has lost her purse and cannot find her uncle at the moment. The horrid cabman therefore talks of impounding her luggage. Robert is not quite clear as to what is happening, but he sees a lady in distress, and he at once comes forward and pays the cabman with that care-free generosity that good liquor properly inspires.

AS Robert is also sailing by the boat, Roberta explains that he will meet her uncle in the ordinary course, and will be promptly repaid the money he

(Continued on page 206)

Part of the Punch

Foulsham and Banfield

MISS ENID STAMP TAYLOR

Who is one of the appetising ingredients of the "Punch Bowl" at the Duke of York's Theatre. The "Punch Bowl" has had to be filled three times—in other words, it has gone into its third edition, and people are still thirsty!

has lent. Robert however is not in the mood to discuss sordid details of the kind. He realises that this will be about his last chance for a real refresher, and he goes off with the new bridegroom to do the thing properly. Both of them return a little later particularly merry and bright, and Mr. Stanley hastens to join his bride. Robert after a good deal of circumnavigation reaches the door of state-room No. 76 and walks in. There is a very audible gasp from the ladies as he disappears, but I am not expert enough to be able to decide whether it is inspired by horror or —envy.

LILAH LANGLEY AS VICTORIA BERTIN

THE second act opens on the interior of state-room No. 76 on the following morning, when the liner is well out to sea. It is clear at once that both beds are occupied. Robert is the first to emerge from the bedclothes. He appears in a half-dressed state that causes a shrill outbreak of laughter, and, after looking out of the window in his still dazed condition, he rushes to the telephone to ask what is the meaning of all this water about the place. His voice awakens Roberta, who screams with horror at the sight of her scantily draped room-mate. Her reputation is ruined, and she will never be able to hold her head up again and all that sort of thing; but, of course, it is not quite so bad as that. Robert hastens to drape himself in one of his sheets and apologises as sincerely as a gentleman can do for an adventure that he finds rather agreeable than otherwise. But his first step is obviously to get out of the room as unobtrusively as possible for fear of compromising a very proper and correct young lady.

SO, while Roberta lies in her bed with her head modestly covered to shut out the devastating view of a gentleman at his toilet, Robert takes his essential garment between the sheets, and there assumes it with a deftness that deprives the act of the least suspicion of vulgarity. He is all but dressed again in the evening clothes he had discarded the night before, when a further complication is introduced, and he hastily retreats to bed again owing to the arrival of Mrs. Witter who has come to call her niece to breakfast. Roberta, however, firmly refuses to leave her bed, even at her aunt's emphatic request that she should hurry up and throw aside her nightwear. She cannot be sure that Robert will take the same pains to conceal his gaze from the unusual prospect, as she herself has done. Finally Mrs. Witter retires, and Robert is able to make good his escape, and, as far as he knows, to save the situation completely.

LYNNE OVERMAN AS ROBERT ADAMS

DOROTHY SEACOMBE AS ROBERTA ADAMS

BUT he is reckoning without the curiosity of the bride Mrs. Stanley, a very able piece of giggling nonsense by Miss Dorothy Mortimer. Mrs. Stanley sees Robert emerging from No. 76, and naturally assumes that he is Roberta's bridegroom. She is so pleased at the conjecture that there must be another "just married" couple on the ship that she carries the good tidings everywhere.

FINALLY Percy Jones, the young man who is engaged to Roberta, gets to hear of the unusual company she has been keeping, and breaks off his engagement. This gives Robert his chance. He has not known Roberta very long, but he has, as it were, seen enough of her to be able to appreciate her unusual charm, and he proposes to her himself. The part of Roberta is played with a nice and dainty restraint by Miss Dorothy Seacombe, whose bright presence gives an added charm to the entertainment. But it is, of course, Mr. Lynne Overman's evening. It has been said that the world owes a debt of gratitude to those who make it laugh, and I for one am grateful to him accordingly.

RUTH MAITLAND AS MRS U. MAKEPEACE WITTER

LYNNE OVERMAN AND JACK MELFORD

"NO MAN'S LAND"

IT seems a pity that this play should have come to such a sudden end at the St. Martin's Theatre. It is true it was a War Play; but the main incident might have belonged to almost any war in history. The outstanding performance in the play was that of Miss Haidée Wright, who as an aged and self-sacrificing French mother shoots a German spy to save her son's life, and accepts the fatal consequences with pious resignation. As Germany is now, officially at least, a Friendly Power, it may be that the emphasised nationality in each case was considered an indiscretion. The play might, however, be revived as an incident in the Siege of Troy or one of Cæsar's Gallic wars, which would keep the essence of the plot intact without the fear of offending surviving relatives or disturbing the peace of Europe. JINGLE

Our Twenty-First Birthday Gifts and Recipients

As announced last week, the holder of the Winning Number (3635) in THE BYSTANDER Birthday Ball Draw on New Year's Eve is:

Mrs. PHILIP MAUFE, "Stonedene," Ilkley, YORKS.

Her photograph appears on this page in the costume she wore at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. As previously stated, Mrs. Maufe is entitled to choose clothes to the value of a hundred guineas from Monsieur Péron, of Regent Street.

Below are appended the names of holders of our winning programme numbers, and a picture of some of the lucky winners being fitted for their shoes at Messrs. Babers of Oxford Street. It will be noticed that the list is not complete. Up to the time of going to press there were still a few unclaimed numbers left.

NAME	PROGRAMME No.
MRS. GRACE M. WALKER	712
MISS ANN HOURSTON	3518
MRS. C. HOLMES	3550
MISS MARGARET KOSTER	3311
MRS. MARTIN	720
MISS JEAN HUNT	2633
MISS N. WARRY	3008
KATHLEEN McLOCHLAN	825
MR. J. FULLER	1931
H. GIBBONS	2358
MR. J. R. ELVIN, A.R.C.A.	47
D. LAVENDER	4385
MISS M. SEALE	2364
MRS. E. DAVIS	3840
MRS. M. J. CLIFFORD	3508
MRS. E. RYAN	2396
MRS. IDA M. WINTER	4387
MR. HENRY JOHN LEE	1424
STELLA H. EVANS	730
R. MAWDSLEY	1437
MR. E. BROWN	3648
MISS BETTY TOPHAM	3276
MR. P. D. L. AINSLIE	990
MRS. D. WILSON	2956
STELLA SIMPSON	2830
MRS. A. GODDARD	59
MRS. A. GARRAD	693
MRS. F. W. GOODENUGH	4305
MARGUERITE MARLEY	598
CECILY A. TWEMLOW	3243
JOHN POOLE	2408

NAME	PROGRAMME No.
JEAN COGHLAN	2272
MRS. G. WHITAKER	4126
MISS M. PEARKS	2218
NANCY REECE	3777
J. CALLAGHAN	3106
MRS. E. NICHOLLS	2797
MAISIE LUNDIUS SMITH	3782
MRS. BROWN	1963
OLIVE BELL	2383
MISS EILEEN E. FOSTER	1673
MRS. F. E. PULVERMAN	700
MRS. S. H. CRULEY	1930
MISS D. M. CAFFERATE	1895
MISS I. J. TILLEY	2543
MISS P. FLEGG	2411
L. PAPWORTH	1091
AMY BLEEK	1899
CHAS. D. WARD	3163
T. F. BRIGGS	3645
R. J. CHALKLEY	718
W. LUKER, JR.	4214
GEORGE E. HARDS	3168
A. W. VICKER-SMYTH	3058
ETHEL M. BULLEY	2672
D. ANDREW	3166
MISS E. M. FIENNES	3159
HUGH L. BREWIS	1199
LOUIE C. SEARLE	4056
GLADYS A. McFADDEN	797
MARION SCOTT	3509
MISS M. BOYCE	4270

Sport and General

"WITH OUR BEST WISHES"

Mrs. Philip Maufe, the holder of the winning number in the draw for the Hundred-Guinea "Bystander" Birthday Gift from Péron's, of Regent Street, in the costume she wore at "The Bystander" Twenty-first Birthday Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. With her are Captain T. H. B. Maufe, V.C. (left) and Mr. P. B. Maufe, who were in the same party

A SYMPHONY IN SHOES *G. P. U.*

A few of the hundred winners of our Two-Guinea Pairs of Shoes, armed with their programmes from "The Bystander" Birthday Ball, waiting to be fitted at Messrs. Babers, in Oxford Street. The awe-inspiring instrument on the left is not a camera! It is the special X-ray apparatus used by Babers for examining the foot to ensure the correct fit of the shoe

"Men can't stroke our beautiful hair any more"

Back to Nature (and From)

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *January* 26

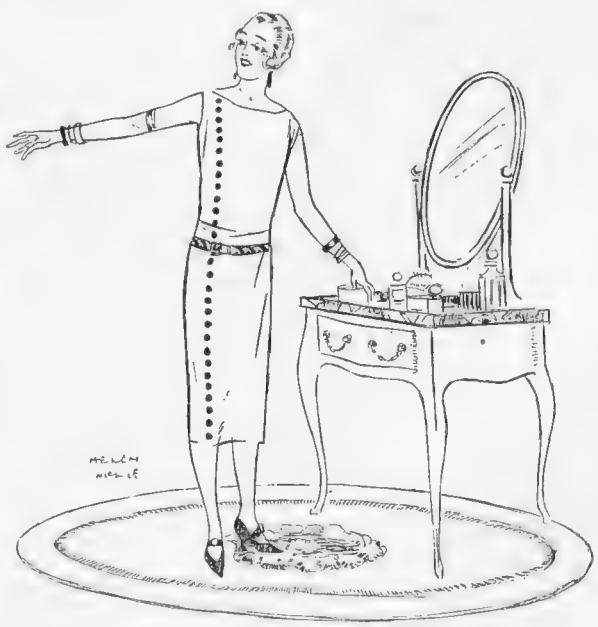
DEAR COUSIN—

HOW awf'lly hard it does seem to please some people . . . or rather p'raps I *should* say every sing'e one at once. 'Cos there 'pear to be so many thousands of ideas and opinions floating around about everything, even 'bout quite little things (if you can truly call them such) like what we ought or oughtn't to wear.

FEARFUL indignation, criticism, contempt and scornery aroused, f'rinstance, for one thing by a so-called fancy-dress wedding of recent memory. And meanwhile, same time, equal if not more wrath, protest, and seething condemnation aroused by rival school, as you might say, of Sun Bathers who want us to do without any clothes at all. And even, am to'd, 've gone so far as to plan a great triumphal or propaganda march "mit nodings on" all the way from Marb'e Arch to the Serpentine —where I s'pose the whole procesh. 'd proceed to p l u n g e in for a nice bathe. Only hope they'll have a proper summer's day for it, though, don't you, however ('cording to *their* critics) improperly underdressed?

ODD life, is not it?—not so much, I mean, 'cos of some of us wanting to dress up to the eyes and a bit beyond, that being a perfectly natural impu'se and quite near to everyone's heart, as seen at all the big Albert Hall and Covent Garden balls and things. Nor either, for that matter, by reason of others yearning to cast their garments from them and do a sort of Garden of Eden stunt, seeing how rapturously we rush off on slightest pretext to bathe not only in the laughing, tingling sea, with sun gloriously shining above (if it's wintertime) but even in the chaste and, you'd think, 'paratively dull seclusion of our own bathrooms.

SORT of back to nature idea, I s'pose —just as the other's prob'ly to be interpreted (whatever Mr. Freud may say) as "back from." There's extremes, I mean, each way—and whoever doesn't just 'casionally go in for extremes isn't worthy, methinks, even of an honourable mention for a cross-word puzzle, and I can't say much fairer nor that. Not that I've any 'ticular yearning meself either to overdress or under. So wearing and embarrassing, for one thing, whichever you do. But can't help admiring, somehow and someways, the ones that have and do.



"In Paris they've cast aside the lip-stick and vanity bag"

AT least they don't pursue the broad and easy middle path of follow-my-neighbour, which tends, if carried to (mild) extremes, to be just a little bit uninspiring, to say the least thereof. Hate action of any sort, methinks, that kind does, 'specially the brain variety—the ones, that is, who are always of the 'pletely normal kind and never prepared to over or underdo anything in the wide wide world, but always just simply and respectably and nicely correct.

BUT strange, isn't it, as I said before, how standards do seem to vary from place to place and period to period, and even day to day? Quite a s'prise, f'rinstance, to learn that Paris of all spots has suddenly cast aside the lip-stick and all the vanities appertaining thereto. Reason whereof being, 'parently, the pronouncement of a famous Parisian doctor-man that the vanity-case is our r-ruin, and the sooner we return (as aforesaid) to nature, the better for us *and* our complexions.

PAINTED lips 'parently ('cording to this authority) get all the wrong shape, and rouged cheeks wrinkle. So there's begun, it seems, a frantic rush nature-wards. And the Parisienne washes now rigidly and determinedly in the coldest water (B-r-r-r!), refuses to do anything worth mentioning in the way of make-up, and has taken to a plain fruit diet 'stead of caviare and champagne. . . . All of which you can b'lieve or not, as you like, and all I can say thereof is that 'tany rate I'll see it first.

THEN there's shingling and bobbing, too, not to mention bingling, which I just mentioned to you some several weeks ago, and's now become part of the language so to speak —though not claiming any really special credit for having invented the word of the moment. Such t'rific and tremendous d i f f e r e n c e s of opinion thereon as you'd never have believed

if you hadn't happened to've seen and known.

卐

SOME worthy and most excellent Victorian ladies (for whom it's arrived just a bit too late) fairly furiously (in their quiet way) denouncing this more or less newish mode, and telling us how awful it is for our men, for one thing, not to be able to stroke our beautiful hair any more as it falls, luxuriously or v'luptuously unbound, to our little tiny size-three-and-a-bit Pinet-upholstered feet. Whereat, as I think Homer or someone remarked somewhere, there arises unquenchable laughter among the deathless gods . . . .

卐

RATHER a lovely idea, isn't it, being debarred for ever and ever from the Love of a Perfectly Good and Strong Young Man 'cos he can no longer amorously toy with a 'plete set of flowing locks that once looked so beautiful as they were "loosened to his lady's feet"? Or waist, I s'pose, or even, p'raps, somewhere 'bout the region of the shoulder-blades. Which, 'tween you and me, only don't let it go any further, was almost as, not to say more, usual ('fore we started clipping) than the kind you could sit on or do a Lady Godiva touch with in case of need, s'posing you happened to be one of the new Sun Bathers and suddenly had qualms about it all in the midst of the proposed great Hyde Park march.

卐

TALKING of which—the undraped idea, I mean—hear they've made bare knees quite the mode of the moment on the Riviera. Being worn, 'parently, for all the best tennis tournaments, with white socks and the most brilliantly coloured shoes ever. Garters composed of large pearl beads, and sleeveless canvas sweaters so brilliantly 'broidered they call 'em Joseph's coats. Also little white felt hats right in the mode—tho' Suzanne herself (playing in men's fours just to keep her hand properly in) still sticks, of course, to her own original *bandeau* that's had such a big vogue and run ('specially 'mong the rabbits) these last few years.

卐

SUNSHINE fairly pouring down, 'parently, in those happy climes, and comfortable and comforting reports arriving daily, too, from the winter sports regions to say that there is plenty of snow—at any rate at the highest resorts. And even at the lower spots, judging by the official reports of ice-hockey, ski-ing races, etc., there doesn't seem to be much to grouse about. Which is awf'ly sad, of course, for those few who have been frightened off by pessimistic rumours. Tho' from what I gather, even if said rumours were true, the lucky ones out there are more than making up for other things in the dancing line.

"Taken to a plain fruit diet"

"Winter Sports"

WHICH reminds me, in America (where the Debts come from) very latest thing, 'parently, is the Supper Skate (no relation of the Lounge Lizard). Idea being that 'stead of dancing—which is sure a back number, and, anyway, not half so fascinatingly 'spensive—you have special ice-rinks fixed up and rush into fearfully smart skating frocks 'mediately you've gulped your last mouthful of dinner *de luxe*, and then do your foxtrot on the glassy surface till it's time to adjourn for supper *de luxe* on a balcony like the one at Ciro's, where you can watch the other people still doing the giddy round.

卐

BUT here in this old-fashioned burg seems the dancing mode still survives and's going strong as ever—even keep on inventing new places, they do, like the Gargoyle, 'sides reviving nice old ones like the Lambs, only under a diff'rent name (hush, hush). Starting new Sunday dances too, they are soon, I hear, at that fearf'ly s'lect resort, the St. James's Palace in Bury Street, where they opened a perfectly good new ballroom on New Year's Eve.

卐

AND the days are getting longer and there hasn't been a fog for at least half an hour, and Trotsky's got the sack, and they're talking of a bob off the income tax—so we're bearing up all right, thank you (even if St. Paul's isn't).

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

A Great Jockey

It was a happy thought on Sir Malcolm McAlpine's part to give a dinner last week to commemorate the wonderful record established by Fred Rees in 1924. Quite a delightful affair it was at the Piccadilly, and a notable muster did honour to the champion National Hunt jockey. It was for Sir Malcolm that Fred won the Grand National on Shaun Spadah, and I hope that sportsman will soon find another jumper as good over the Aintree country as old Shaun was. Grand National horses want finding, yet they turn up very unexpectedly sometimes.

WITH THE QUORN [*L. N. A.*

Mrs. Dudley Coats (left) and Lady Wodehouse at Hungarton. It was on the day following this meet, that Mrs. Dudley Coats, when out with the Cottesmore, took a bad toss and broke her leg

W. A. Rouch]

RANELAGH'S NEW POLO CHIEF

Major-General John Vaughan, D.S.O., who has just been appointed Polo manager at Ranelagh

For instance, when Lord Airlie bought the hunter, Master Robert, for the specific purpose of riding him himself in a little race at Perth, he could have had no idea that the horse would develop before long into the winner of the highest honours of chasing. Everybody in National Hunt racing is looking out for these bargains, but only the lucky few get hold of them.

Helmets

I see that Fred Rees has recently stated that he does not like the new helmets which riders in steeplechases and hurdle races are now obliged to wear. He thinks these skull caps are liable to do more harm than good. Perhaps he will have changed his opinion after seeing Bob Trudgill's headgear following the crushing fall that jockey took in the first race at Lingfield on Wednesday last. His stout helmet which did not have a crack in it before the race, was completely flattened out by the force of the fall, and when Trudgill ruefully surveyed it he expressed himself as very glad that it was the cap and not his head which had received the damage. A wonderful fellow is this Trudgill. Three times lately I have seen him take falls which would knock out most people, but each time he has come up smiling. I was talking with him last week about his success on Master Robert in the Grand National. I asked him what it felt like when his horse had taken the lead and was winning. "I assure you," he said, "I didn't know very much about it. In fact, I hardly saw the last few fences."

By "The Tout"

FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

"Billy" Payne, the well-known trainer, with his fourteen-year-old son, who recently showed us what he could do "over the country" and promises to become as fine a horseman between the flags as was his father

National Horses

Last week we had a glimpse of several of the Grand National performers. Conjuror II and Fly Mask, now in different stables, were on view at Leicester. Nobody was surprised to observe that they were unfancied for their respective races. Their preparation is, naturally, being timed for Liverpool, and they cannot be expected to be at their fittest at this early stage. I thought that Conjuror II jumped with all his old cleverness, and he was running on well at the end of his three-mile gallop. I imagine that Aubrey Hastings will have him in perfect trim in good time for the Grand National. He was one of the unlucky ones in the race last spring. All the same, I shall always think that the price at which he started—5 to 2—was preposterous. Fly Mask's race at Leicester was only two miles, so it showed us nothing new about the horse. I was glad to see Red Splash at this meeting, for all sorts of disquieting rumours about this very smart young chaser had been floating around. He ran well enough to leave us assured that there is nothing radically wrong with him, though Fred Withington believes it would be a mistake to call upon him this year for an effort in the Grand National, and so he has not been put in that event.

At Kempton

The week-end meeting at Kempton Park promises well. The chief event on Friday will be the Kempton Hurdle Handicap, of which **Hong-Kong** may prove the winner. In the Middlesex Hurdle Race on the same day **Royal Archer** may repeat his Newbury success in spite of the pull which Up Garryowen and others now have in the weights with him. On Saturday the Cranford Steeplechase may be won by **Clashing Arms** under top weight. We shall all be keenly interested in the sporting match between those dear old stagers, Ned Carver and Pirnwinder. I vote for Ned.

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

The White Collars

THE Pytchley are still going great guns. They again scored heavily after meeting at Shawell last week. When I mention that a seven-mile point was made in the course of a hunt of an hour and forty minutes, you will realise that the line must have been pretty straight, and that the fox was a stoutish customer. In the end he was pulled down in a pig-stye. As I wrote last week, Sir Charles and Colonel Jack Lowther are going on with the Pytchley, and a certain Hunt, which would have snapped up Frank Freeman as soon as the Lowthers retired, must now make other arrangements. How the Joint-Masters were induced to withdraw their resignations makes a pretty story. The promptitude with which an extra £1,500 was whipped up is a tribute to the popularity of Sir Charles and his brother, neither of whom would go on without the other. It also does credit to the push and go of the member who set the ball rolling. Best of all is the news that the wire is now going to be tackled so thoroughly that the Pytchley country should soon be as free from the stuff as it was in the old days.

L. N. A.

WITH THE ATHERSTONE

Wing-Commander and Lady Clare Smyth-Pigott at a recent meet of the Atherstone at Arbury North Lodge, the residence of Sir Francis Newdegate, near Nuneaton

A Smart Huntsman

A FRIEND who has had several days with the Bicester this season gives me a glowing account of their huntsman, Clarence Johnson. He describes him as a second Frank Freeman, and that is high praise. Those who hunted with the Fernie in Arthur Thatcher's later days will not be surprised to learn that Johnson has made good upon his promotion in the Bicester country. Occasionally he had to handle hounds in High Leicestershire when the huntsman was crocked, and he usually managed to show some bright sport. The Bicester are having a good season, and this applies to the Midland district generally. At Newbury races recently I met Lord Dalmeny. He was having a day off from hunting owing to the fog. He seemed to be very well satisfied with the performances of the Whaddon Chase so far this season. The going has been very deep in the Vale of Aylesbury, but hounds have found conditions to their liking.

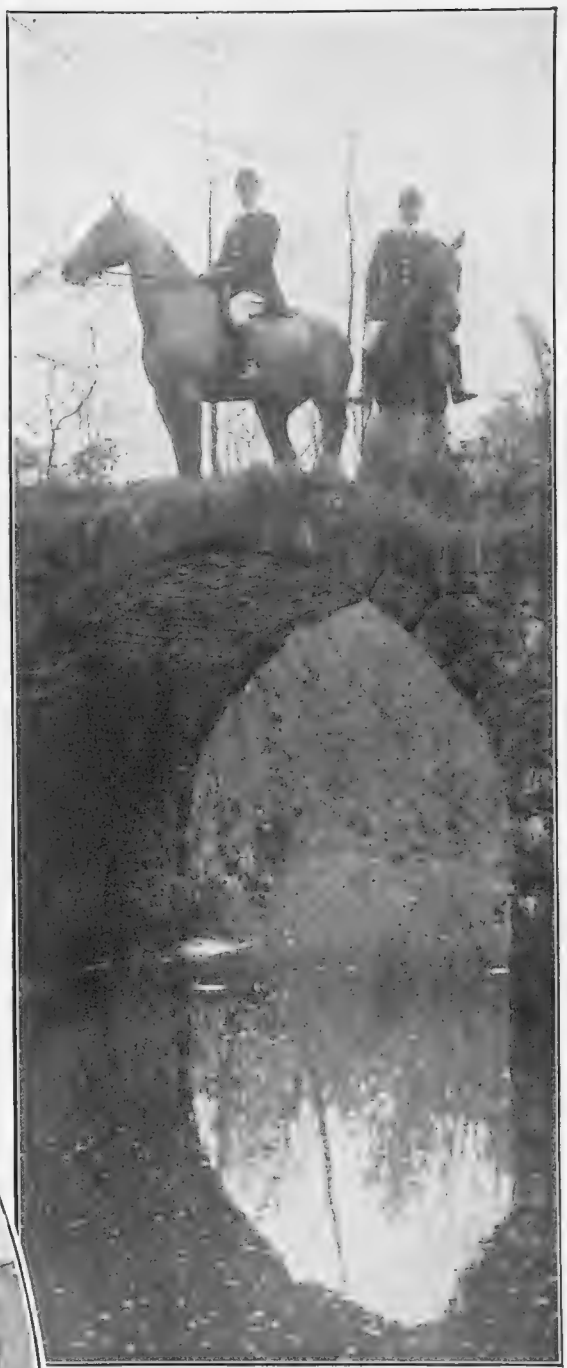
"John"

THAT enthusiastic fox-hunter and good polo-player, Major-General John Vaughan, has been appointed polo manager at Ranelagh, and the club is to be congratulated upon their selection. It is not an easy job to follow such popular managers as Captain Gill and Colonel Dunbar, but in all probability the General will make a big success of it.

Bale

WITH THE FERNIE

Lady Victor Warrender and Lady Zia Wernher (whose husband, Major H. O. Wernher, is Joint-Master of the Fernie) arriving at Stonton Wyville



L. N. A.

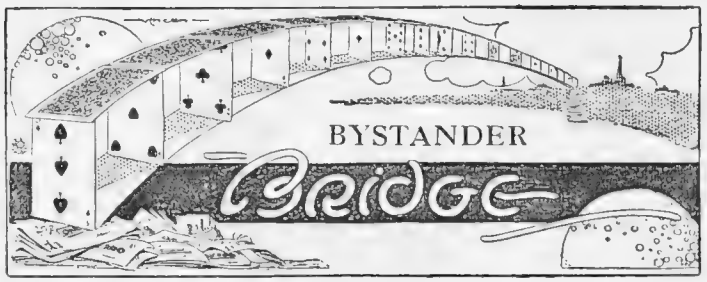
A "VIEW" HALLOO

A picturesque view taken during the meet of the Atherstone, near Nuneaton

He is to have the assistance of a young and dashing player in Captain G. V. S. Douglas, who has left the 15th Hussars, whom he helped to reach the final of the Inter-Regimental twice in recent seasons.

Coming Visitors

WHILE on the subject of polo, let me say that I have just received a letter from Buenos Aires which confirms the report that the Santa Ines team, reinforced by Mr. Lewis Lacey at back, will be with us in the coming season. This is good news, for the team is strong and is likely to hold its own in the leading London tournaments. Santa Ines won the Argentine Championship last year, and they will be a very well-mounted side. In addition to the players from the Argentine we shall have the American Army team with us this season, and also the Jodhpur team from India, where they recently won the championship at Calcutta. There is now a good gathering of players at Cannes, where Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller is managing the polo this season.



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

VALUE OF THE OFFENSIVE

What is the value of the offensive at Bridge? To secure the declaration is worth, on average, one extra trick. Against poor defensive players it may easily be worth considerably more. I watched a rubber recently where two good players were partners against two bad ones. The bad players had the best of the cards throughout the rubber. They ought to have won it easily. But they were jockeyed out of it because the better players took the offensive. They called up. The others were too timid to do so. They neither trusted themselves nor each other. It is very interesting and instructive to watch rubbers where good bidding and play really tell. So often it is mere weight of cards.

. . . . . .

Here is an instance of the kind of thing that happened. Z (one of the good players) called "One no-trumps." He was left with the bid, and he made five tricks only. He ought not to have made more than four. Now here was an occasion when the other side could undoubtedly have gone game in no-trumps themselves. But Z "got away with it," with a loss of 70 points—100 less 30 for Aces. And this kind of thing kept on happening throughout the rubber. The value of the offensive is insufficiently realised. If you study the rewards and penalties you will see that they favour the offensive.

. . . . . .

Take the case of a player who bids "one Spade" on A, K, Q to six and no other cards of value. He is left with the bid and finds his partner with a worthless hand, but with Jack and one other Spade. He makes six tricks only. His net loss is only 14. The opponents could have gone game in Hearts or Diamonds if they had made a bid. You may say that a player would never be left with a bid of "one Spade" in such circumstances. But I have seen it happen against backward bidders. Other points in favour of the offensive are the trick-promoting power of high cards in attack. Five of a suit headed by King, Queen, with Jack to three in dummy are worth, probably, four tricks in attack, but perhaps only one, or at most two, in defence. Then there is the trick-promoting power of the long small trumps, which will often enable the declarer to establish a long suit in dummy with only few high cards in it. The small cards of a long suit have little or no value in defence.

. . . . . .

The occasions when you must discard certain winners from your own hand in order to go game, while they occur frequently in double-dummy problems of an intricate nature, do not often arise in actual play. Here is a case where by intelligent deduction the player took the best chance of making game and it came off. I give all four hands.

S—7, 6, 4, 3.
H—2.
D—Q, 3.
C—K, J, 9, 8, 5, 4.

S—None.	*Y*	S—Q, J, 10, 9.
H—Q, J, 10, 9, 4.	*A* *B*	H—8, 7, 6.
D—10, 9, 6, 5, 4,		D—J, 8, 7, 2.
C—A, 6, 3.	*Z*	C—Q, 7.

S—A, K, 8, 5, 2.
H—A, K, 5, 3.
D—A, K.
C—10, 2.

Score: Game all.

Z called "one No-Trumps," and all passed.

A led the Queen of Hearts, and Z took the trick with the King. Having nine Spades in the combined hands, he naturally led out the King in the hope that they would be evenly divided. But when A failed on first round and discarded a small Diamond he had to revise his plan of campaign. He, therefore, led the ten of Clubs, and ran it, B taking the trick with the Queen and leading a Heart. Z took the trick with the Ace, realising that if A held the Ace of Clubs he could make game. This was how he did it:—

He led out Ace of Diamonds and then his Club. A won with the Ace, and then proceeded to make three tricks in Hearts. On the fifth Heart led, Z discarded his King of Diamonds. A was then forced to lead a Diamond or Club and put dummy in. Z, therefore, made four by cards, viz., four Clubs, two Spades, two Hearts, and two Diamonds.

Now this may look easy enough when you see all four hands. But Z had to realise the position quickly during play. If he had failed to do so he might have made only six tricks, as he could never himself put dummy in. Had A not led out his last Heart, but put Z in with a Diamond, the position would have been saved.

. . . . . .

My indefatigable and always welcome correspondent and constant prize-winner, Mr. F. J. Walker, writes, with reference to the problem of deduction (solution of which was given in The Bystander of December 24, 1924) wherein I stated that A ought to have one and a half "quick" tricks to overcall Z's bid. "Must this always be so? If I held the following hand:—

S—x, x, H—Q, J, 10, x, x, x, x; D—None; C—J, 10, x, x. I should as second caller bid 'two Hearts' over a 'one Spade' in spite of holding no 'quick' tricks!"

I quite agree. But I would point out that in the problem of deduction I distinctly stated that there was no certainty of the deduction being absolutely correct. All deductions are based upon probability.

THAT CLOAK OF DARKNESS

By Eddie Benfield

"Bertie dear, will you ring for my maid? I must dress for bed"

King James' Staircase, Hoghton Tower.

A Corcelet of Arquebusier Armour with Morion, late 16th Century.

Knighting a baron—of beef

CROWNING a hill on the uplands of Lancashire stands Hoghton Tower, one of the most interesting examples of the earlier fortified Tudor manor houses, designed to afford protection to the lord of the manor and his retainers in days of fierce family feuds and cruel civil war.

The structure is so extensive that it has the appearance of a hamlet rather than one home, an effect due perhaps to the loss of the original central Tower round which the other buildings clustered until the Parliamentarians took possession. While this event was being celebrated "through want of heedfulness some gunpowder was set afyre, blew up and threw down some part of the Tower and slew divers souldiers."

Some years before this happened James I honoured Hoghton Tower with his presence when he was magnificently entertained by Sir Richard Hoghton and the local gentry. Records show that the visit was marked by great festivity—"rush bearing," "pipering" and a "maske,"—though the fare provided appears to have been more substantial than epicurean. At dinner, it is reported, the monarch in merry mood observed the ancient custom of ennobling the great baron of beef with his kingly accolade.

Though John Haig Scotch Whisky had no place in this particular banquet,—it was first produced a few years later, in 1627—for nearly three hundred years now the fine quality and consistent excellence of this famous whisky have been recognised by its selection for other great occasions throughout the world.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

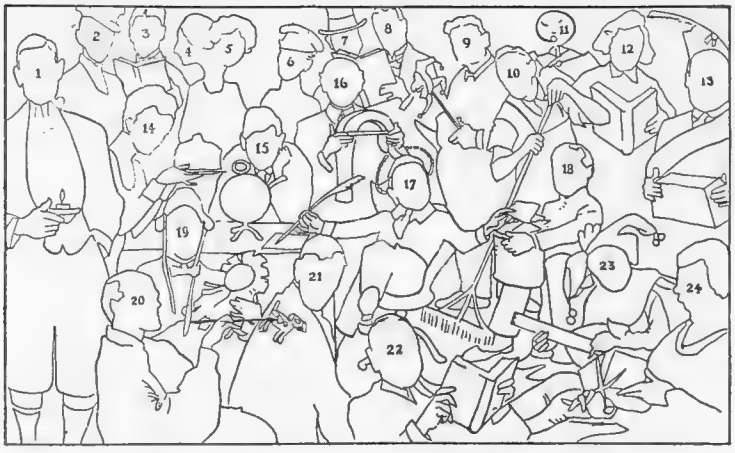
BYSTANDER COMPETITIONS: FULL RESULTS

Our Twenty-First Birthday Competition

In our special 21st Birthday Number, it will be remembered, we published —with due modesty and on our own responsibility—a cartoon of our staff and literary contributors. We offered a reward of ten guineas for the first solution opened that correctly labelled us with those crimes for which we are individually responsible. Our readers' replies have now been tabulated and examined—an embarrassingly large number have been good enough to express interest in our personal appearance. The first correct solution opened came from

Miss JANET CLARKE,
Elbury,
Near Worcester,

to whom a cheque for TEN GUINEAS has been sent. We reproduce on this page a small facsimile of the original cartoon, and also the correct solution.



We told you there was a clue to everyone's identity. Here are the explanations:

Bystander Comments	No. 15—Looking at the world.
Bystander in Society	No. 8—Armed with Debrett.
Motley Musings	No. 9—The Jester.
Emilia	No. 14—Recipes for all occasions.
Mr. E. P. Leigh-Bennett	No. 1—Golf and "Night Lights."
Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings	No. 13—Special articles from Hastings.
Mr. A. A. Thomson	No. 12—Our "tame" poet.
"Jingle"	No. 23—Invested in his Motley.
Hunting Notes	No. 22—Hunting in the way we all do.
The Editor	No. 10—Raking in the rubb—er—contributors.
Mrs. Jack May	No. 6—Fashions "As you wear!" (sorry)
Candida	No. 4 } Who together make up "Femina."
Mrs. M. Vince	No. 5 }
Motor Notes	No. 2—Complete with everything except a car.
The Chief Sub-Editor	No. 19—Engaged in the technical process k own as "putting the paper to bed."
Bystander Among Books	No. 18—The "Page" Boy. (We apologise!)
Yogo Hama	No. 11—The Unidentifiable.
The Art Editor	No. 20—Doing useful and (we hope) ornamental work with the brush.
René	No. 3—The Bilingualist from Paris.
Mr. A. E. Manning Foster	No. 16—With a few of his own "visiting" cards.
"Carbine"	No. 7—As the "Old Firm."
The Office Boy	No. 17—Controlling operations—they always do!
"Blanchette"	No. 24—Clipping her words—as usual.
The Kennelman	No. 21—Not yet quite gone to the dogs.

And now you know all about us! Gentle readers, as you are fair, be merciful.

The Bystander Title Competition

HERE is a small facsimile of a drawing by Mr. Howard K. Elcock which formed the subject of another competition. The subject of the picture intrigued us (and we are fed-up with supplying our own captions, anyway!—SUB-ED.), so we offered a prize of ten guineas for the best title submitted by our readers. The entries ran into thousands and the judges had great difficulty in deciding. Their final award goes to

Mr. F. W. BOND,
Alpha House, Dargle Road,
Drumcondra, DUBLIN

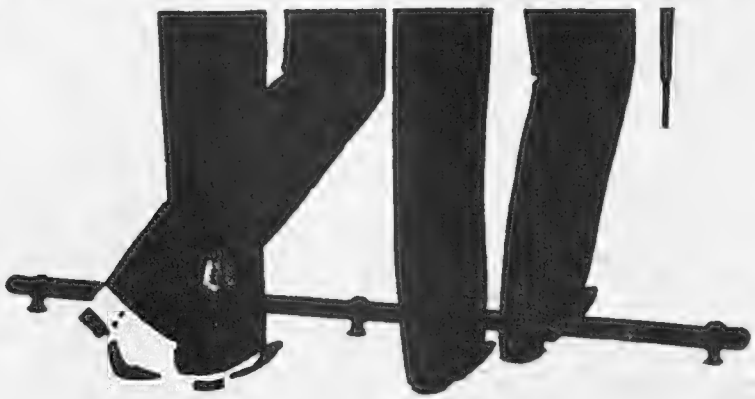
to whom a cheque for TEN GUINEAS has been sent.
The winning title sent in by Mr. Bond is:

"WANTED—AN ACCOMPANIST"

The Solution to the Worthington Cross Word Puzzle

■	B	A	R	L	E	Y	■	M	A	L	T	■
I	■	M	O	O	T	■	T	O	N	E	■	I
N	O	■	C	O	N	■	R	A	Y	■	O	R
■	B	Y	■	P	A	L	I	■	■	O	R	E
B	E	E	R	■	■	■	P	■	F	I	B	■
U	■	A	Y	E	■	H	■	I	L	L	■	B
R	I	S	E	■	Y	E	S	■	Y	■	M	E
T	O	T	■	P	E	R	I	L	■	L	I	L
O	U	■	F	O	P	■	N	O	R	■	D	O
N	■	S	I	R	■	■	■	N	A	B	■	W
■	W	O	R	T	H	I	N	G	T	O	N	■

Now solve another problem!



SOLUTION:—

"Two Worthington's please"

FEMINA

GLITTERING IN MONTMARTRE

Miss Pat Coleman, a pretty member of the Ziegfeld Follies, appearing at the Moulin Rouge in Montmartre. Her voluminous dress represents so we are told—a Gold-digger. Hence, we suppose, the injunction, not to go down the mine, Daddy

I HOPE "Kennelman" will not object to my title. We both have a right to it. If he feels alarmed let him read on, and he will find that I am not really encroaching on his preserves. This is the other kind of distemper. Or, as I should prefer to say, his is the other kind.

DISTEMPER (my kind) is becoming fashionable. This is partly because many people have grown tired of extravagance and violence in decoration, and are now inclined to go to the other extreme, not merely of simplicity, but of austerity; and it is very easy to go too far. The other, and, perhaps, stronger reason, is that it is inexpensive.

BUT while, partly by choice partly by necessity, distemper is becoming fashionable with the middle-classes, the working-classes do not like it. Perhaps they have had too much of it. Certainly they do not look upon it as decoration at all. The distempered room is, to them, simply unfinished.

SOME years ago I was decorating a house in Suffolk, and it was done entirely in white distemper. At the same time I was altering some very dilapidated cottages, which the owner of the house had just bought. We found that the tenants in the past had re-papered their rooms for themselves. But they had never thought of stripping off the old paper first. We found no fewer than sixteen on the walls of one room—and there were many more inhabitants in the paper than in the cottage itself. There and then, the new owner decided that there should be no more wallpapers, but that the cottages should be distempered like his own house. This was done, and shortly afterwards he had a visit from one of the cottagers who came to ask when the papers would be put on. With the walls as they were, she said, she could not possibly ask anyone to tea.

A LITTLE "PRINT" FROCK

A fancy dress, as good as new after it has been in press, that has been seen at many of the big Costume Balls recently, including the "Bystander" Birthday Ball. It represents our esteemed contemporary, the "Daily Graphic"

THE prejudice still remains. Only a few days ago I was in a working-woman's flat in South London. One of the rooms was distempered, and it was her hope soon to be able to have it papered like the rest. When I told her how fashionable distemper was becoming, she was very much surprised. I rather think the room will now be left as it is.

THIS prejudice was at one time general. Distemper was cheap—and cheerless. No one would have thought of it for a house. One saw it only in such places as schoolrooms and mission-halls. The feeling of distemper as an unhomely thing—only fit for the scullery and offices—was increased by the fact that so often, in these public rooms, the colour chosen was a pale blue, the coldest of them all.

DISTEMPER.

By MRS. M. VINCE

THE plain and stippled papers, which came into use ten or fifteen years ago, have paved the way for the popularity of distemper in private houses. Those papers showed people how much the attractiveness of pictures and furniture was increased by having a plain surface to show them off. And now one sees many private houses, large as well as small, almost entirely done in distemper. It has, however, one serious disadvantage, as compared with the much more expensive paint. It marks very easily, and, unlike paint, it is very difficult to wash satisfactorily. For that reason, in rooms, such as dining-rooms, where the walls are likely to be marked by the moving of the chairs, it is advisable, if you are using distemper, to have a dado of paint below it.

YOU can get distemper any colour and almost any shade; and if the exact shade that you want is not to be found ready-made, there should be no difficulty in getting it by mixing the ready-made distempers together. It is well to remember that distemper is much darker when it is wet than when it is dry. The difference is remarkable. If you see the men putting on the distemper you will be certain, unless you know this, to think that some bad mistake has been made, and that you are not getting anything like the colour which you chose. The men will tell you that it is all right. If you still have doubts, get them to put a little of the distemper on a sheet of paper and dry it at the fire. Then your colour will suddenly appear.

ALTHOUGH there is a great choice of colours, the chief risk of using distemper still is that you may make the house too cold and austere. When the cottager complained that she could not ask her friends to tea in her distempered home, she was told that she could not have wallpapers, but that she might have the cottage distempered again, choosing her own colours. This she did, choosing a bright green for the hall and a salmon-pink for the living-room. Then she asked her friends to tea, and I am sure that they admired her cottage very much. That is one way of doing it—the wrong way.

IF you have plain distempered walls, you must not only have pictures, but colour and pattern in the curtains and the covers of chairs and sofas. That Suffolk house which I have mentioned, with its walls of white distemper throughout, sounds very cold. But there was so much colour in its pictures, so much pattern and colour in its draperies, and, being in the country, it always had so many flowers, that it was one of the brightest houses that I have known.

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"OVALTINE" is unrivalled as a food for convalescents because it supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form. It quickly establishes that progressive improvement which the patient longs to feel and the nurse desires to observe. "Ovaltine" has a delicious flavour which pleases even the most fastidious palate, and its fragrant aroma arouses even the most fickle appetite.
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"Ovaltine" contains all the essential vitamins, and these are present in correct ratio; furthermore, it is emphasised that "Ovaltine" contains, also in correct ratio, all the other equally important factors of a complete and perfect food.
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P. 300.
OVALTINE

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

MR. A. M. LUDOVICI'S new novel, *The Taming of Don Juan* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), like its half-dozen predecessors, has something more than a mere story to tell. The author, as befits a good Nietzschean, has his own ideas about the way that life should be lived. It is not the usual slip-shod, haphazard way, founded on muddled ideals, and by consequence it is not likely to be widely popular. In the new story there is a gastronomical background. Few people understand food; even fewer can be aware of the vast change that in recent years has taken place in what is generally called country produce.

❀

I DO not propose to go into details of pasteurized milk and the like; I will only say that Mr. Ludovici's book interested me both as a philippic against modern "preserved" methods and as a story. It is no mere tract, and those who do not care to worry themselves about their milk or their butter need not be afraid lest the young and very handsome Gilbert's adventures as chauffeur, soldier, and farmer should bore them. On the contrary, they will be either enchanted or indignant. In Mr. Ludovici's scheme of things, you see, the ladies are given a place in the sun, but it is not precisely the place which they are occupying to-day. But, however you look at it, the book is good to read, and it certainly gives you plenty to think about.

❀

YET another wreck and another island in the Pacific! This time, however, a very different story; and naturally so, when that mistress of satire, Miss Rose Macaulay, is the writer. *Orphan Island* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a delicious phantasy. Suppose an evangelical Miss Smith was wrecked on an uncharted island in the eighteen-fifties with a score of young orphans of both sexes and a bibulous doctor from Ireland; what will happen? The possibilities are immense, particularly if food is abundant and there are no interfering savages. In Miss Macaulay's book you have a sort of Victorian era, with a Queen, and a Prime Minister, and a dissatisfied Hibernian corner, and a very clear cleavage between those who really count and those who do not.

❀

THE nonogenarian Miss Smith, very regal, very bibulous, and in spite of her years and her delusions still very clever and cunning, is an unforgettable figure. Her descendants form the aristocracy of the place. And her work is seen through the eyes of a few visitors from Cambridge, who from the worthiest motives decide that the community had better be rescued. I will not reveal what happens, but it is all the greatest possible fun, even at such times when Miss Macaulay allows her own views about things to intrude.

❀

ONE of the most remarkable figures in the War was "Jack" Cowans, whose work can never be too highly praised. As the Quarter-master-General of the British Army it fell to his lot to prepare the Army for fighting. He clothed and fed it. It is a simple little sentence; what it actually meant is not easily understood. Majors Desmond Huston and Owen Rutter give us a portrait of the man who worked this miracle in *General Sir John Cowans* (Hutchinson: 2 vols., 42*s.* net). It is a long book, too long in fact, but it is full of interest. Naturally one is keenest to know what happened behind the scenes during the War, and the major portion of the book is fitly devoted to those strenuous years. One obtains a glimpse of a wholly exceptional man, and one cannot read the final chapters without something akin to indignation.

❀

IN that remarkable series of Broadway Translations there is an edition of *Bandello's Tragical Tales* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), the original translation by Fenton modernised and edited by Mr. Hugh Harris. Bandello is another odd writer whose short novels cannot be well-known in this country. You should certainly "dip into" him. Then there is that famous German classic, *Simplicissimus The Vagabond* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.*), translated by Mr. A. T. S. Goodrick, a picaresque story which in places is highly diverting. Finally, I must not omit to mention the late Mr. J. A. Pott's verse translation of *Martial, The Twelve Books of Epigrams* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Pott died before his work was finished, but the omissions have been made good by Mr. F. A. Wright, who has done so much to make the Broadway series a success. It is a little unfortunate that so much of Martial's work cannot appear in an English dress, but what is translateable has been rendered here in the raciest fashion. And as in every volume of the series, the book is very beautifully turned out. It is to be hoped that the advertised list of translations, large though it be, does not contain all the volumes to be issued. R. S.

A STRIKING PORTRAIT

A striking portrait in oils of Mrs. Archer Betham, which is an excellent example of the work of Mr. David Jagger, the well-known portrait painter. The picture is being exhibited in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' exhibition that opened at Burlington House last week. Mr. Jagger, who was recently elected a member of the R.O.I., is the younger brother of Charles Jagger the sculptor. Apart from the obvious merits of the painting, the picture suggests an attractive, unconventional method in modern portraiture

Art and Photography

Amateur and professional photographers all over the world will welcome the thirtieth appearance of that popular annual, *Photograms of the Year* 1924 (Iliffe and Sons, 5*s.*; cloth bound, 7*s.* 6*d.*). It contains nearly a hundred reproductions of pictorial records from the cameras of leading photographers in all parts of the world, and tells an interesting story of the growth of photographic activity and artistic production. The photographic art of twenty-one different countries is represented here, that of Russia being of particular interest at the present time. An up-to-date list of British photographic societies is included in this handsome volume, which will be an undoubted boon and a source of inspiration to all who make photography their business or their hobby.

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THE DOG DOCTORS

CRIME IN AFRICA

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE should be fine sport for Hound-lovers at Amesbury to-day and to-morrow in the trials of the Irish Wolfhound Coursing Club. Only a fortnight to run now before Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall; the biggest thing of the kind this side of the Kennel Club's show in autumn. The Alsatian League has a Show in Westminster next Tuesday.

That faithful guardian of all such matters, the weekly journal *Our Dogs*, has served canine interests well by drawing attention to a really important announcement made in a scientific monthly not generally seen by doggy folk—the *Veterinary Journal*. This announcement embodies the practical results of close bacteriological research into the causes of a disease which is hardly less serious among Dogs than Distemper, and one, too, for which we humans and our methods are in the main responsible. We all wait with keen interest the upshot of the research into Distemper causes which is now being carried on, and, meanwhile, the Kennelman advises all students of such matters to look up the last number of the *Veterinary Journal*; to examine carefully, and preserve for future guidance its valuable announcement on the causes and prevention of jaundice in Dogs.

Breeders and trainers of Gun-dogs, and sporting folk generally, are probably familiar with the quarterly journel, *Game and Gun*, published by Spratt's Patent, Ltd. But they may not all know that the issues for 1924 are now available in a single handsome volume (11 in. by 9 in.), strongly bound and copiously illustrated, at the modest price of 8*s.* 6*d.* It *is* a modest price, because in it most field sports are dealt with by expert authorities, and all sport in which Dogs are concerned is specially well covered.

Apropos Kennelman's statement last week that there's a good market in South Africa for *well-trained* English Dogs, a reader from P'Maritzburg humorously laments his enforced parting with a long-pedigreed Fox-Terrier who would seem to have lacked the training. His record shows, not only that he needed it, but that, *with it*, he would have been a real good sort. Thus:—

"Left a moment in the kitchen, he'd jump on the table and devour the butter—never the bread. Even getting his head jammed for half an hour in the milk-can failed to cure him of table-jumping. Leaving him outside always meant a quick call from a 'boy' to rescue some creature from his active jaws. If you're ever asked to arbitrate between an enraged cock turkey and a half-hysterical Terrier, take my tip and give it a miss. I still carry the scars on my hands. Another day, an urgent S.O.S. took me hatless into the open, to find that Gyp had a terrified calf by its little nose, while the cow, entangled in her *rheim* during rescue efforts, was literally roaring from rage. As she was a massive, sharp-horned Friesland, I thought it well to lasso Gyp, but, even choked, he held on to his grip till his eyes nearly dropped out.

"Reaching from the running board of a big Studebaker to nip a chunk out of a way-side donkey, he fell, and one wheel went over him. With a hind-leg in splints and a fore-leg in plaster, he showed such sweet gratitude for every attention that one dreamed of his reformation. One week later, he killed a full-grown Persian cat on the stoep. He would give no warning of a stranger's approach, but, as they left, would rush out after them, get in one quick nip, and return unashamedly, laughing. He would fight anyone who tried to punish him, and—I'm almost afraid my next dog may have to be a cat!"

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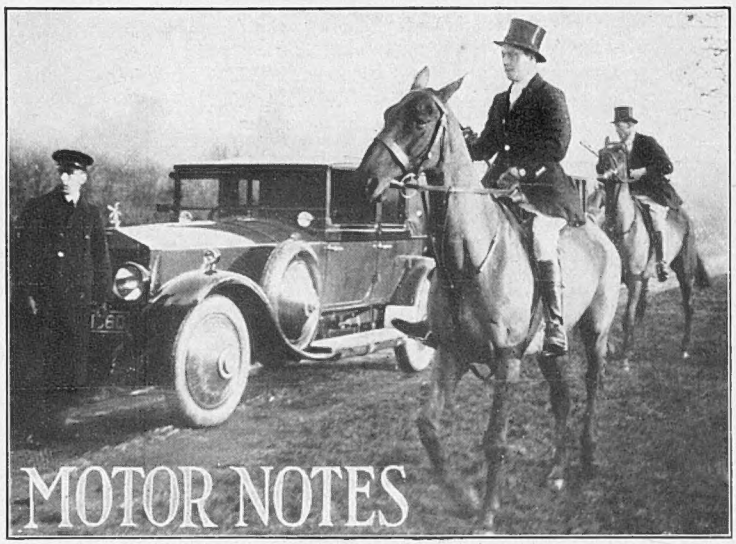


MOTOR NOTES

HORSE POWER!

A snapshot of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at a recent meet of the Quorn at Willoughby. The Prince has, for the moment, exchanged his Rolls Royce of 40 horse-power for another excellent coverer of ground which, despite its speed, never develops more than *one* horse-power!

One of the most satisfactory of screen-wipers is that operated electrically. This has a drawback in that it puts a certain constant demand on the car batteries in wet weather, but it has the corresponding advantage that it is always working at a steady speed, which makes for the driver's comfort and also ensures that the screen shall be cleaned efficiently. I am trying to find the solution of the glass-wiping problem on a car with a Vee screen. The wiper on one side allows of good road vision ahead, but to the left it is impossible to see anything, particularly in the region of street lamps. Two screen-wipers would appear to be indicated, but this would most probably put too heavy a duty on the engine or on the batteries. My present solution is to have the panels of the screen open on both sides, but this is not particularly satisfactory, and has the added disadvantage of being particularly damp and draughty.

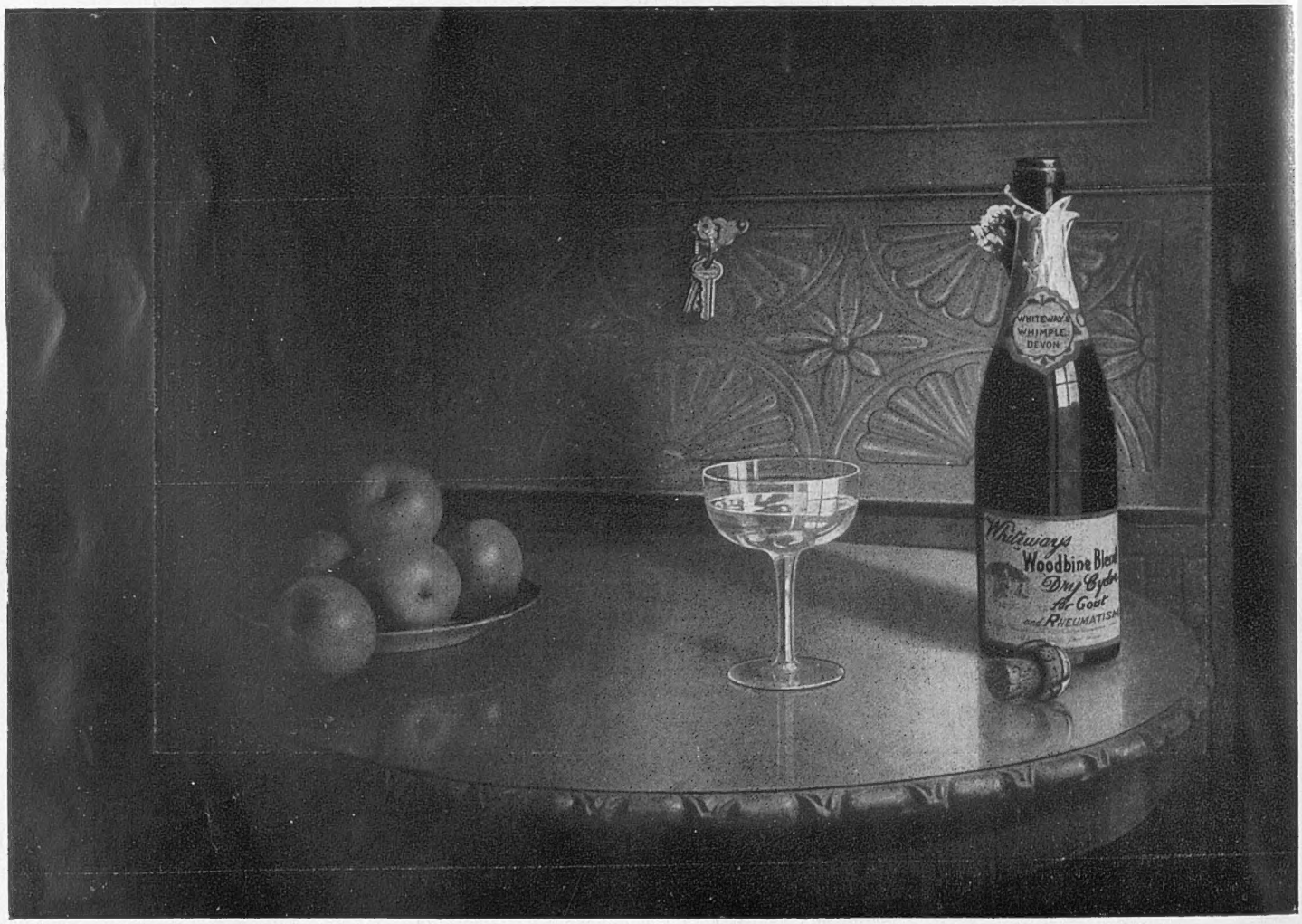
* * *

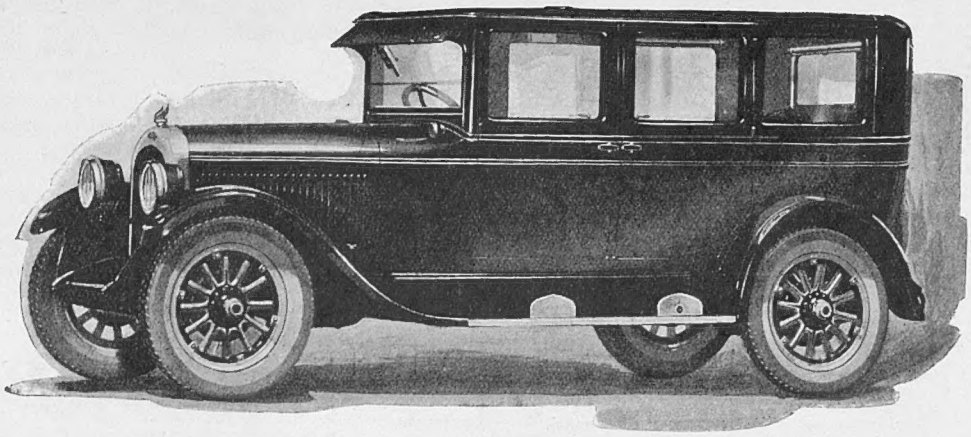
I am a firm believer in four speeds for small cars, but a certain standard of excellence must be attained by the engine before these are of particular use. The ideal is a car which will slog away all day on top gear, but, should extra speed on a steep gradient be required, the lower gears can be employed. In the case of an engine which has a wide range of pull, the driver of which is inclined to be unenergetic, three speeds are undoubtedly the best! but where the driver desires to get the very best out of his car, and has also the necessary skill to operate the four-speed gear-box efficiently, it will be found that the latter number of speeds is by far the better. Wise designers of four-speed boxes so arrange the top three ratios that these are used for the whole of the normal running of the car. Bottom gear is reserved for emergencies, and is only used half-a-dozen times a year. An effort was made some time ago to make the three lower ratios the most useful—with the direct drive on third. Fourth speed was only to be used under favourable conditions, but it was found that 99 per cent. of drivers consistently used the geared-up top and the makers were therefore forced to make this the direct drive.

* * *

It may be remembered, either by experience or by the study of literature, that in the old coaching days strip maps were used of the roads covered by the horse-drawn vehicles. These maps have been graphically revised by the first volume of the Dunlop pictorial road plans. It covers in all 450 miles of highway between London and Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Hastings, Folkestone, Dover, and Margate. Thirty-seven maps are provided, and from the bottom to the top of each runs a clear red road. On each side are delightful little sketches of the cathedrals, castles, bridges, fruit fields, and taverns which abound in this corner of England. At intervals along the road are shown the heights above sea-level, whereby the road user will be able to tell where he will climb and where he will descend. The title of this series of books is *On the Road*, and

(Continued on page 224)





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The intensive development work of three years, which in advance of production brought the Chrysler "Six" to its present state of perfection concerned itself with far more than the obvious phases of performance.

The oil-filter and the air-cleaner, which contribute so much to motor car results never before known, are two outstanding examples.

The two of them operate together, in a way never before devised, to exclude ruinous and abrasive grit, dust and dirt from the inside of the engine.

If petrol is food to an engine, oil is its life blood; and the best engine on earth can't keep well on dirty oil any more than you can with diseased blood.

Chrysler engineers have positively protected the Chrysler "Six" engine against damage and a shortened life by reason of impure and unclean oil.

For the Chrysler "Six" oil-filter—a real filter, not merely a screen—takes all the dirt and grime out of all the oil in the crankcase, approximately every 20 to 25 miles of driving.

It may go into the filter black and gritty, but it comes out clean and pure as new—minus all the foreign elements that scratch and scrape, and treat the bearings as millions of sharp tiny files would treat them.

No less important is the Chrysler centrifugal air cleaner which passes none but clean air through the carburettor into the cylinders.

That is how engineering study of every detail puts the Chrysler "Six" in an entirely different class.

It is the same advanced engineering which unites, in a six-cylinder engine, 68 horse-power, and a speed capacity of over 70 miles per hour with such a remarkable petrol economy as 20 miles per gallon and 21.6 h.p. R.A.C. Rating.

At every turn you find superiority expressed in the Chrysler "Six"—in the vibrationless engine, fitted with 7 bearing crankshaft, in riding ease and stability that enable you to drive 60 miles an hour over cobbles or ruts, and so on.

If you have not yet put this car to your own tests, you are missing a great deal in motoring experience.

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The Chrysler Six

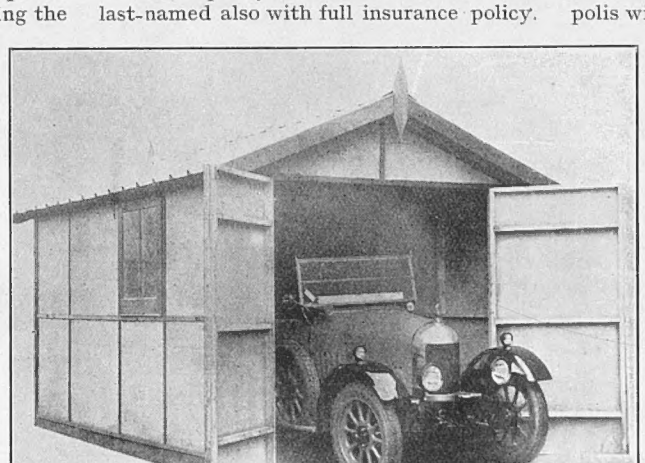
they are priced at the very reasonable sum of sixpence.

* *
*

THE aeroplane is proving more and more that it is one of the most efficient openers-up of the Empire. The latest evidence comes from the mining village of Rouyn in Canada. Without the aeroplane, this village would be isolated during the winter when the snow and ice render the road useless. The population of Rouyn, however, is kept in touch with civilisation, and receives deliveries of fresh meat and other provisions from the nearest town by fast Napier-Laurentide aeroplanes. These air-limousines maintain a daily service between Rouyn and Larder Lake. In addition to mail and freight, the machines are capable of accommodating six passengers. The novelty about these machines is that they are fitted with skids, in place of the more usual under-carriage, and they are therefore able to land on ice and snow. The journey is in the neighbourhood of 100 miles, and owing to these special fittings landings can be made at practically any point on the route.

* *
*

I AM really surprised at Mr. Morris. He makes more motor-cars per day than any other manufacturer in Great Britain, and he gives what is most probably the most complete equipment provided on any standard car. But he is not content with this: a thousand cars a week and a new factory in France are not nearly sufficient to satisfy his idea of the service which he should give his purchasers. So his latest idea is to provide the owner with a motor-house as well as the car. You can now walk into any Morris agent's showrooms, purchase a motor-car with full insurance policy and a motor-house, the last-named also with full insurance policy.



A HOUSING PROBLEM SOLVED

This is the house that Mr. Morris built! In other words, it is one of the new Morris motor-houses that can now be purchased along with a Morris car, insurance policy, etc., from any of the accredited agents

SHOULD your bank manager not feel particularly generous and it may be necessary to purchase a car out of income, you can also purchase its motor-house in the same way. When I mention that the list cost of a "Cowley" garage is fifteen guineas and of the "Oxford" seventeen pounds, it will be seen that anyone with a plot of land available can obtain the housing of his car for a very few shillings per week. In fact, the instalments on the motor-house will come to considerably less than the charges in a public garage. Unfortunately flat dwellers and inhabitants of the more congested areas of the metropolis will be unable to avail themselves of these houses owing to the lack of building space, but this scheme should prove a real boon to rural dwellers.

* *
*

WE have got past the days when a manufacturer sold one a car and then prayed that he would never see one's face again! Nowadays the sale of a car is but the first step in getting better acquainted with the user. Once the buyer has paid his cash and taken delivery of the car, the manufacturers now vie with one another to give the maximum "after sale" service. I should imagine that the record for this is now held by the Buick Motor Co. They have sent a Buick Standard Six 20 h.p. model round the world in order to demonstrate how extensive is the Buick service organisation. No driver or mechanic goes with the car. It is driven everywhere by Buick distributors and dealers, and the car is travelling in a chain unbroken except for the necessary sea voyages from New York eastward, around the globe and back again.

GEORGE C. STEAD

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